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THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

AUTUMN 1992





Quality in an age of change.

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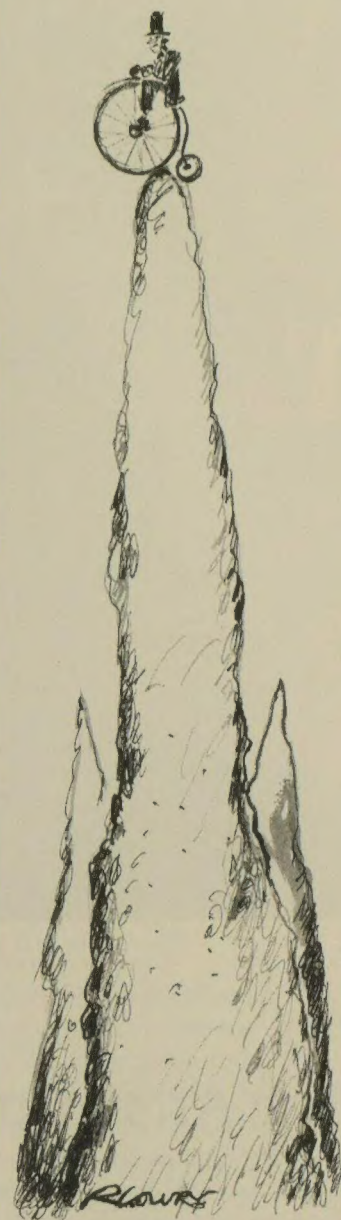
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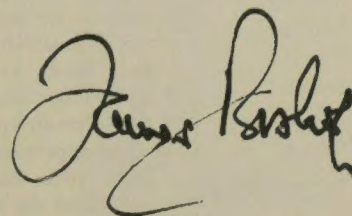
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EDITOR'S LETTER

For 164 years London has had a zoo, and it would be a sadder and poorer city without one. From the days of Raffles and Darwin, both of whom brought back many specimens to be looked after there, the zoo has been actively involved in the protection and conservation of species, in the accumulation and the passing on of knowledge, and in providing pleasure for millions. It may be politically incorrect these days even to contemplate keeping animals in captivity (and the spread of this idea may have contributed to the fall-off in attendances), but the facts are that some species would now be extinct had zoos not kept them and bred from them, and that for most Londoners the zoo is the only place where they will ever be able to see, and smell, wild animals from other parts of the world. Since most animals in the wild, when they are not hunting or otherwise actively searching for food, spend their time sleeping or lounging about, it seems reasonable to assume that at least some of them, if given real freedom of choice, would opt for the easier life that confinement offers. Certainly the specimens now to be seen at the London zoo look a good deal healthier and better nourished than some of the half-starved creatures we see in wildlife films.

This is not to say that the zoo should stay just as it is. Linda Bennett writes in the feature in this issue (pages 20-26) of the many and various proposals for change and improvement that are now being put forward. Earlier plans were wrecked last year by the zoo's sudden and desperate decision to announce its closure. The people of Primrose Hill and neighbouring crescents and terraces, who happily go to bed each night to the exotic sounds of bush and jungle, evidently contributed to this by their opposition to the zoo's proposed extension over a further 10 acres of Regent's Park. Perhaps the zoo was unwise to rest so much on this plan, and on the assumed goodwill of its neighbours, but since the aim was to create the world's finest children's zoo on the barren edge of a 487-acre park the administrators must have taken planning permission for granted. Now they will have to think again. It is encouraging that they are no longer talking about closure, thanks to the rapid public response and to the £1 million given by the Emir of Kuwait, but in the light of recent confusion it would be wrong to assume that the zoo has yet been saved.

We have recently received reports from a correspondent in Warwickshire that uproar has arisen over the sale of books from the Leamington Library, among them a number of bound volumes of 19th-century copies of *The Illustrated London News* and other publications. The Director of Libraries and Heritage for the county, Mike Henry, has been under fire in the local press and from a county councillor, Bob Ward, who initially voted for the sale but has since demanded an explanation, saying he was not aware that the books were of such value. In fact they fetched £30,000, the proceeds being spent on improved facilities for the mobile library service and, according to the *Warwick Courier*, "on sophisticated magnifying glasses to help people with sight problems". We hope the good people of Royal Leamington Spa will put a stop to any attempt to pursue the logical conclusion of this policy, which would be to sell off all the library's books so that nothing more need be spent on the mobile library or on sophisticated magnifiers.



NELSON'S COLUMN

VOTES FOR WOMEN



The Suffragette was an invaluable method of informing the members of fund-raising events, meetings, marches and the latest views.

The suffragette movement is most commonly associated with the Pankhurst family and militant acts of varying degrees of violence. The Museum of London has drawn on its archival collection of suffragette memorabilia to convey a fresh picture with its exhibition *The Purple, White and Green: Suffragettes in London 1906-14*.

The name is a reference to the colour scheme that the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU) created to give the movement a uniform, nationwide image. By doing so, it became one of the first groups to project a corporate identity, and it is this advanced marketing strategy, along with the other organisational and commercial achievements of the WSPU, to which the exhibition is devoted.

Formed in 1903 by the seasoned political campaigner Mrs Emmeline Pankhurst and her daughters Christabel and Sylvia, the WSPU began an educated campaign to put women's suffrage on the political agenda. New Zealand, Australia and parts of the United States had already enfranchised women, and growing numbers of their British counterparts wanted the same opportunity.

With their slogan "Deeds not words", and the introduction of the colour scheme, the WSPU soon

brought the movement a cohesion and focus it had previously lacked. Membership grew rapidly as women deserted the many other, less directed, groups and joined it. By 1906 the WSPU headquarters, called the Women's Press Shop, had been established in Charing Cross Road and in spite of limited communications (no radio or television, and minimal use of the telephone) the message had spread around the country, with members and branch officers stretching to as far away as Scotland.

The newspapers produced by the WSPU, first *Votes for Women* and later *The Suffragette*, played a vital role in this communication. Both were sold throughout the country and proved an invaluable way of informing members of meetings, marches, fund-raising events and the latest news and views on the movement.

Equally importantly for a rising political group, the newspaper returned a profit. This was partly because advertising space was bought in the paper by large department stores such as Selfridges, and jewellers such as Mappin & Webb. These two, together with other like-minded commercial enterprises sympathetic to the cause, had quickly identified a direct way to reach a huge market of women, many with money to spend.

The creation of the colour scheme provided another money-making opportunity which the WSPU was quick to exploit. The group began to sell playing cards, board games, Christmas and greetings cards, and countless other goods, all in the purple, white and green colours. In 1906 such merchandising of a corporate identity was a new marketing concept.

But the paper and merchandising activities alone did not provide sufficient funds for the WSPU to meet organisational costs, so numerous other fund-raising activities combined to fill the coffers of the "war chest". The most notable of these was the Woman's Exhibition, which took place in 1909 in a Knightsbridge ice-skating rink, and in 10 days raised the equivalent of £250,000 today.

The Museum of London's exhibition is largely visual, with a huge number of items on show, and it gives a tangible feel to the suffrage movement. Against a quiet background hum of street sounds, copies of *The Suffragette*, campaign banners and photographs are all on display, together with one of Mrs Pankhurst's shoes and a number of purple, white and green trinkets.

Photographs depict vivid scenes of a suffragette's life: WSPU members on

a self-proclaimed "monster" march, wearing their official uniforms of a white Edwardian frock decorated with purple, white and green accessories; women selling *The Suffragette* at street corners, or chalking up pavements with details of a forthcoming meeting; Christabel Pankhurst addressing a crowd.

Many of these images also illustrate the women's extensive use of symbolism. The patron saint of the movement was Joan of Arc, and most processions were headed by a woman dressed in full armour on a white charger. Others would dress themselves as powerful female figures from history, Boadicea being the favourite.

The Women's Press Shop has been reconstructed, and inside figures in Edwardian costume are at work. Windows display postcards and greetings cards designed by women artists for the movement, and the quality of the artwork indicates the wealth of resources the WSPU could call on from its talented members.

Through another window visitors can watch a short film made up of old newsreels and cinema material which clearly reveal the political mood of the day towards the suffragettes. The programme, narrated by Glenda Jackson, begins with a short film devised by the "antis"—those opposed to women having the vote—depicting a suffragette as a fierce harriidan bullying her poor, abused husband. Original newsreel footage shows the suffragette Emily Wilding Davison throwing herself under King George V's horse at the Derby. She died five days later, and her funeral procession is shown, the coffin draped in a purple, white and green flag, and adorned with WSPU medals that were awarded to her for bravery in prison.

Although the exhibition officially charts the years 1906 to 1914, graphic display boards outlining the bills of enfranchisement of 1918 and 1928, which gave the adult female populace of Britain the vote, show what was achieved. It demonstrates how advanced the suffragettes were in their thinking, in the marketing of their campaign, and in their work as shrewd and skilful image-builders. It also conveys a sense of the energy and ability the suffragettes brought to their fight for freedom and equality. And it illustrates the intelligence employed by women who were at that time deemed by several MPs to have "brains too small to know how to vote".

The exhibition runs at the Museum of London until June 13, 1993. For further details see Listings page 96.

MARY ALEXANDER

STATION GARDEN



ENGLISH ALL-SORTS

Because English is now such a universal language—"global resource" are the words used in a vast new book on the subject—its protection is no longer the responsibility of any one nation, nor can it be said to owe its existence to any one country or group. The book which surprisingly shuffles off responsibility in this way is *The Oxford Companion to the English Language*, just published by the Oxford University Press (£25). In spite of its disclaimers Oxford has in effect accepted the challenge of explaining the origins and practice of English in all its forms: classical, standard, BBC, Cockney, Scouse, Aboriginal, Pidgin, Pitcairnese, Zimbabwean, Franglais, Yinglish and the many other varieties now spoken by more than 700 million people.

Individuals who contributed to the language in one way or another also get their due: Ben Jonson for his *English Grammar*, Daniel Defoe for his abortive attempt to set up an English academy, Samuel Johnson for his dictionary and other influences, Oscar Wilde for his epigrams, George Orwell for Newspeak, Noam Chomsky for transformational grammar, and Marshall McLuhan for suggesting that words, at least so far as the media are concerned, are on the way out.

The media have a huge number of related entries, though "Media Revolution" has been curiously transformed into "Communicative Shift" (there are four of these: speech, writing, print-

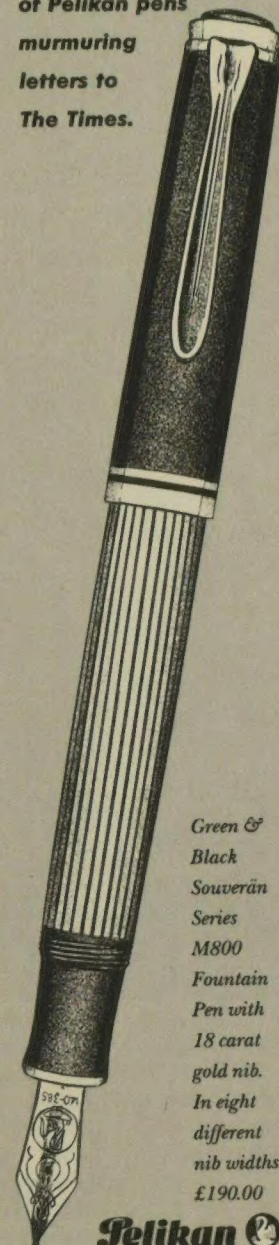
ing and electronics, the last having in addition "a cluster of associated shifts"). The related media entries fall under such discomfiting headings as abuse, anachrony, blurb, cliché, docudrama, plagiarism, propaganda, redundancy, slant and Timespeak.

Though determined not to be judgmental, the *Companion* does on occasion verge towards opinion. Psychobabble, for example, is agreeably defined as "a form of jargon in which terms from psychology, psychiatry, psychotherapy and related fields are used to impress the listener, give an appearance of scientific objectivity to mundane ideas, or inflate what someone has to say." More cautious is the definition of Politically Correct (recognised as a phrase mostly used pejoratively), although the addition—to the common examples of *sexist* and *racist*—of *ageist* (used against any specific age group) and *heightist* (especially as used against short people) suggests that the judge is reaching for his black cap.

The judge in this case is the editor, Tom McArthur. In the light of the Government's call for an inquiry into the teaching of English his book could hardly be better timed. Split infinitives, hanging participles and all the other controversial usages and abuses of English find their proper place in this *Companion*, which will surely prove invaluable not just to teachers and their pupils but to all who use English, whatever they may do with it.

West Hampstead has been named best newly cultivated garden in London Underground's station gardens competition. The station foreman, George Kearney, used white alyssum, blue lobelia and red petunias to recreate the Underground's famous logo.

In Boodle's and Brooks' and The Athenaeum, The Travellers' and The Reform, in writing rooms all through St James's, rigorous quiet is the norm. No sound disturbs the ponderous silence save distant Big Ben morning chimes, and the whispering nibs of Pelikan pens murmuring letters to The Times.



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NELSON'S COLUMN PUTTING A HOUSE IN ORDER



A portrait, above, of Sir Ralph Sadleir, once the close adviser of Henry VIII, and the earliest known owner of red-brick Sutton House, inset.

Hackney in the East End of London is an unlikely place to find an old house of outstanding historic interest. But in Homerton High Street, amid grimy terraces and drab council flats, is Sutton House, an H-shaped red-brick house with Tudor origins. It is the oldest remaining house in the East End. After years of neglect it is now being restored and has recently been opened to the public by the National Trust.

Hackney is 3 miles from the City of London and in the 16th century its "healthful air", as the ecclesiastical historian and biographer John Strype described it, made it a fashionable country village for noblemen and wealthy merchants for 300 years. The coming of the railway changed it. The large mansions disappeared and small houses for City clerks were put up in celebrated gardens admired by Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn. Asylums, smallpox and fever hospitals, and Victorian workhouses contributed to the decline. But Sutton House survived, first as the home of prominent City families, later as a school and then as local council offices and a trade union headquarters.

Until recently it had been assumed that the most notable owner was Thomas Sutton, the richest commoner in England. Sutton, nicknamed "Croesus" in his lifetime, was born in 1532 at Knaith, Lincolnshire, where his father was a court official. Thomas became Queen Elizabeth I's Master of the Ordnance in the North and is said to have personally fitted out a ship to resist the Spanish Armada. He owned coal mines in Durham and increased his wealth by money-lending. His last years were spent in Hackney, planning the foundation of two great establishments for which he is still remembered, Charterhouse School and the Hospital for indigent gentlemen in Clerkenwell.

Recent research by Mike Gray, who lives in Hackney, indicates that Sutton lived from 1605 in a "tanhouse" immediately to the west. Gray, a 54-year-old scientific photographer in the geology department at London University, spearheaded the campaign to rescue the house after vandals and squatters moved into it in 1982. From contemporary documents in the Public Record Office and other archives, he collected pieces of the jigsaw and began to lay out the personal history of the house and its owners. His research has astonished the National Trust, who took over the house in 1938, and renamed it Sutton House, believing it to be where Thomas Sutton died in 1611.

Gray discovered that "the bryk place" was built c 1535 by Sir Ralph Sadleir, a powerful courtier brought up in the household of King Henry VIII's one-time closest adviser, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Sadleir rose to be the king's principal secretary of state, and Elizabeth I's chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He was guardian of Mary, Queen of Scots during her imprisonment, and one of the judges who tried and sentenced her to death for treason.

Sadleir sold the house to John Machel, a sheriff of London, the first of many distinguished but lesser-known occupants. One owner, in 1700 gave it a Georgian-style facelift, another divided it into two, and a third, in 1870, put a cement façade on the east wing.

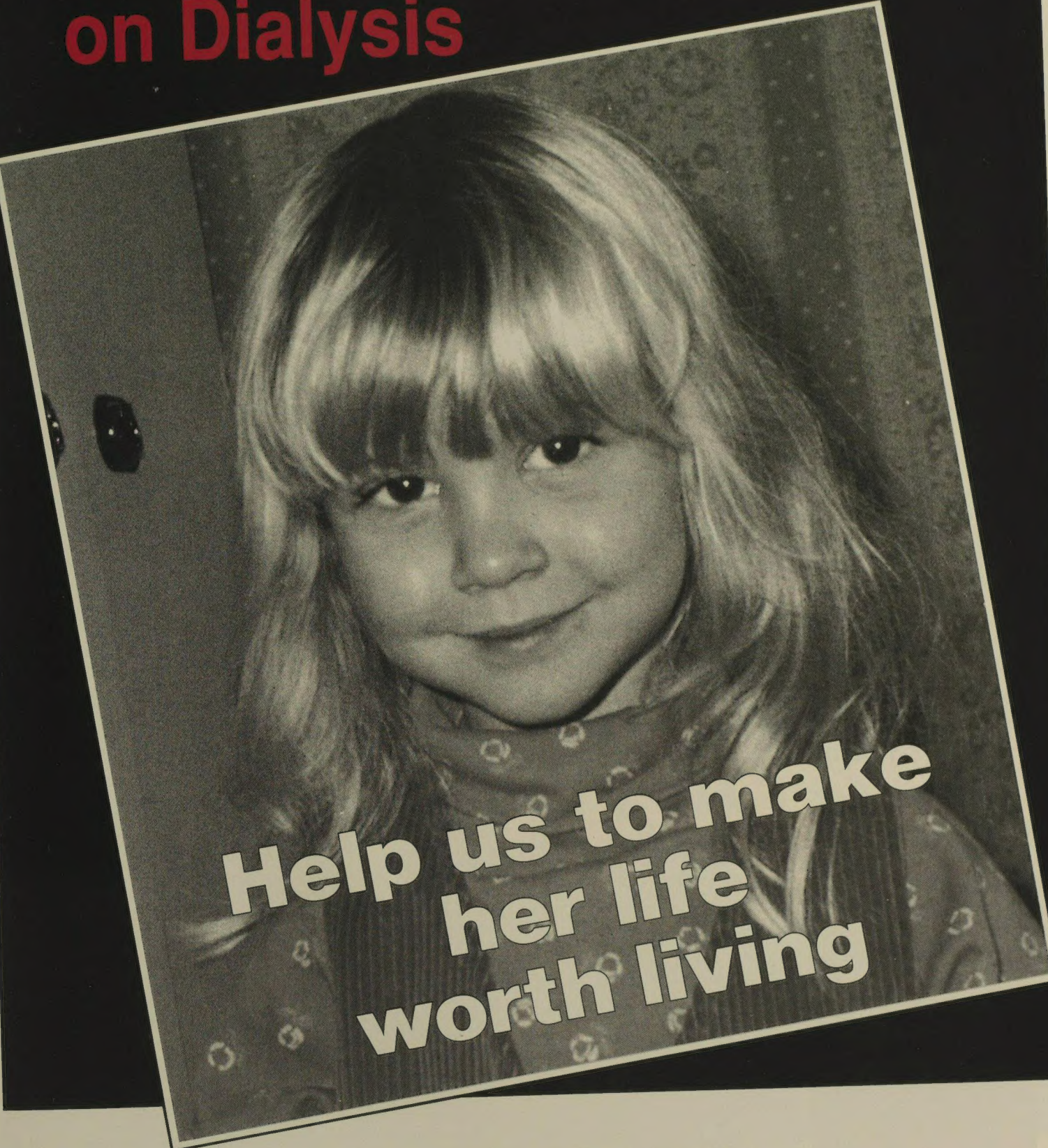
The restoration by the National Trust has uncovered Tudor windows and fireplaces, a Jacobean *trompe-l'oeil* strapwork staircase and early 17th-century marbling on a fire surround. The most spectacular revelation is in the Tudor front parlour, which has superb oak panelling. Apart from the Wolsey Rooms at Hampton Court Palace and the Jericho Parlour in Westminster Abbey, this is the only 16th-century linenfold panelling in Greater London.

Six rooms are now complete and open. Already Sutton House is beginning to resume its former grandeur and by the autumn of 1993, when restoration of the Georgian and Victorian rooms will be finished, this house will reflect the glories of Hackney's past.

DENISE SILVESTER-CARR

□ Sutton House, 2 & 4 Homerton High Street, London E9. Tel: 081-986 2264. Open Wednesdays and Sundays 11.30am-5.30pm. Closed all December and January. Admission: £1, children under 17 50p. NT members free. Shop, art gallery and café-bar also open Thursday-Saturday.

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NELSON'S COLUMN

OPERA IN DOCKLANDS

Londoners will have an opportunity to see a new opera in a new venue when Nicola LeFanu's *Blood Wedding* opens in Docklands in October.

The world première of Nicola LeFanu's opera *Blood Wedding* takes place in London on October 26. The performance will be given not in one of the capital's opera houses or familiar theatrical venues but in a new location in the revitalised Docklands.

The whole project is the brainchild of Jules Wright, director of the Women's Playhouse Trust, who also shouldered the burden of raising the £350,000 essential to translate into reality what others in the opera world saw as an impossible dream. The idea of turning Federico García Lorca's play *Blood Wedding* into an opera was triggered when she saw a performance of the ballet on the same theme. Then she attended a staging of the great Indian epic *The Mahabharata* in the Glasgow Tramway and was fired with the notion of producing the opera in just such a large empty building to avoid the conventions and restrictions of a proscenium arch. Attracted by the atmosphere of renewal that pervades the Docklands area of London, she settled on a vast converted warehouse, part of Jacob Street film studios.

Lorca based *Blood Wedding* on an

incident that occurred in the Spanish province of Almería in 1928. A bride abandoned her husband-to-be on their wedding day to run off with her former sweetheart, now married to her cousin. The stain on the family honour demanded the shedding of blood in retribution. The fugitives were ambushed and attacked, the lover murdered and the bride left for dead. Thus family feuds are fuelled in the tradition of the classical Greek drama.

Jules Wright approached Nicola LeFanu to compose the score in 1989 (having already commissioned the libretto, in English, from the poet and novelist Deborah Levy). LeFanu's output to date includes a radiophonic opera, *The Story of Mary O'Neill*, and music-theatre works involving singers and dancers, as well as many choral and other vocal works. *Blood Wedding* is her largest-scale dramatic composition to date, with a running time of two hours. It is scored for 15 singers, some of whom form a chorus, and a small orchestra of 17 players, members of the Endymion Ensemble. The conductor is Anne Manson, at present assistant to Claudio Abbado at the

Vienna State Opera. Jackie Horner and Quentin Hayes play the guilty lovers and Philip Sheffield the deserted bridegroom. Annemarie Sand sings the role of the mother, whom the composer considers to be the central character, the one who rails against the feuds which she herself perpetuates.

The Jacob Street film studio has been converted into a 500-seat auditorium, with a stage 22.6 metres wide, beneath which the orchestra will be seated. The audience, on entering, will be confronted by a blood-red cyclorama encircling the white-walled village set designed by Fotini Dimou; costumes are by Nicole Farhi.

The opera is being funded by, among others, the London Docklands Development Corporation, London Arts Board and the European Arts Festival. The WPT hopes to find a further 1,000 individual sponsors to contribute £100 apiece.

Transport to Jacob Street will be available by river boat from Charing Cross pier to Butler's Wharf pier.

MARGARET DAVIES

□ *Blood Wedding*, Oct 26-Nov 7. For booking details see Listings page 91.



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NELSON'S COLUMN MASTER OF CARICATURE



George Cruikshank's 1819 caricature, above, entitled *Royal Hobby's [sic], or The Hertfordshire Cock Horse*. It depicts the Prince Regent tiring of his mistress, Lady Hertford, who sits astride him on the recently invented velocipede, or hobby.

George Cruikshank, born in 1792, learnt to draw and etch as a boy, just as the 19th century began. He was still at work in the 1870s. In that long life he delighted three generations with thousands of his creations. He was, as Thackeray put it, "a man of the people if ever there was one", always with an eye for the charms and disasters, the comedies and tragedies of life, and so his work lives on to delight us, as will be seen in an exhibition of his work in London this autumn.

Cruikshank was a caricaturist and Regency tearaway as well as a Victorian worthy, campaigning for temperance and other causes. He reported on, and sketched, a meeting of "Total Abstiners" at the Sadler's Wells Theatre for *The Illustrated London News* in 1854. Charles Dickens, an expert in human oddity, describes him in a skit in which Mrs Gamp, the loquacious midwife, encounters him: "A gentleman with a large shirt collar, and a hook nose, and a eye like one of Mr Sweedlepipes's hawks, and long locks of hair, and whiskers that I wouldn't have no lady as I was engaged to meet suddenly a-turning round a corner for any sum of money you could offer me."

Cruikshank's love of a spree did not end in the wild days of the Regency. Dickens describes what happened after a dinner to celebrate his own return from America in 1842 when Cruikshank was nudging 50: "George Cruikshank was perfectly wild... and after singing all manner of maniac songs, wound up the entertainment by coming home (6 miles) in a little open

phaeton of mine, on his head—to the mingled delight and indignation of the Metropolitan Police."

Cruikshank had the luck to be born in the golden age of caricature, and to be the son of a noted caricaturist, Isaac Cruikshank. "I was cradled in caricature," George said. At that time, the caricature print-shops had an importance that is now hard to imagine. Crowds gathered at their windows to enjoy the brightly coloured prints in which the greatest personages in the land were mocked. The Prince Regent bought numerous caricatures (those that did not satirise him). And when "Prinny" came to the throne as King George IV, in 1820, he took them seriously enough to have go-betweens bribe Cruikshank and other artists to suppress various items.

Between 1811 and 1821 Cruikshank did hundreds of caricatures on the follies of Prinny, his brothers, his cronies and his ministers. There is room for just a few of these in the exhibition. From the turbulent years before and after the Peterloo Massacre of 1819 there are also potent examples of illustrated pamphleteering.

By the 1830s the caricature trade was shrinking, owing partly to the rise of illustrated periodicals and partly to growing pressures for public decorum. By then Cruikshank had already found new markets, notably in book illustration. His fascination with people in energetic, dramatic, ungenteel action now fed his new work.

In an article of 1841, he recalled how in his youth he had gazed through the window of a public house down

towards the Thames from Fleet Street: "What a picture of life was there!... It was *all* life. In simpler words, I saw, on approaching the window and peeping between the short red curtains, a swarm of jolly coal-heavers! Coal-heavers all—save a few of the fairer and softer sex—the wives of some of them—all enjoying the hour with an intensity not to be disputed, and in a manner singularly characteristic of the tastes and propensities of aristocratic and fashionable society; that is to say, they were 'dancing and taking refreshments'." This animated scene, he says, "led me to study the characters of that particular class of society, and laid the foundations of scenes afterwards published".

His imaginative, childlike side also made him the right artist to illustrate the first English edition of some of the Grimms' fairy-tales, in 1823. Thackeray wrote: "Of all the artists that ever drew, from Michael Angelo [sic] upwards and downwards, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful."

He was the man to illustrate Dickens, but there were difficulties. Cruikshank wanted to feel he was at least a collaborator. When working with Dickens (20 years his junior) on *Sketches by Boz*, Cruikshank wrote to their publisher complaining that Dickens was sending the manuscript straight to the printer: "I did expect to see that Ms from time to time in order that I might have the privilege of suggesting any little alterations to suit the Pencil." Not an unreasonable thought, but Dickens's response was: "I have long believed Cruikshank to be mad... I am very much amused at the notion of his altering my Manuscript." Soon afterwards, when Cruikshank was doing plates for *Oliver Twist* as Dickens was writing it, there were indeed opportunities for the artist to make suggestions. In one letter Dickens says: "I have been prevented from writing Oliver, so perhaps had better settle the illustration with you."

In his sometimes combative old age, Cruikshank asserted that he invented the story of *Oliver Twist* and all Dickens had to do was "to write it out". But by then he seems to have become anxious about his own astonishing output of six decades being lost to posterity. He died in 1878 but this exhibition will do a little to show that he still lives. It opens on September 30 at the Museum of the Order of St John. For further details see Listings page 96.

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WINDOW ON THE WORLD

NO PEACE IN BOSNIA

There was no immediate stop in the fighting between Serbs and Bosnian Muslims following the London Conference. The headquarters of the UN Protection Force in Sarajevo was hit by shells fired from Serbian militiamen's guns some days after their posi-

tions were supposed to have been revealed to the U.N. and all relief flights to Sarajevo were suspended after an Italian aircraft carrying blankets crashed shortly before arriving at the Bosnian capital, apparently brought down by a ground-to-air missile.

Lord Owen, who succeeded Lord Carrington at the head of the European Community's mediation efforts in the former Yugoslavia, warned that the UN

Security Council would respond with severity to such attacks, and with his co-chairman of the Geneva conference, Cyrus Vance, ordered Serbian commanders to place their heavy guns under UN supervision. Revelation of atrocities being committed in the area, together with pictures of the fighting, destruction and human suffering, led to increased demand for international action.



© GREGG DEGUZMAN

One of the tragic incidents in Bosnia, above: the massacre of Muslim villagers by Serb militiamen. The Bosnian capital of Sarajevo has been the target of almost continuous shelling from without as well as the scene of bitter and indiscriminate fighting within, below. Mosques were a particular target, as with this one in Celina, below right.



ANDREW BELL/ANSA



ANTHONY OTTAVIO/REUTERS



JOHN DEGUZMAN



ANTHONY OTTAVIO/REUTERS

The world's concern at the situation in Bosnia was stimulated by photographs of the Serbian detention camp, above, which brought evidence of the policy known as "ethnic cleansing", under which more than a million Muslims and Croats were driven from their homes. Another powerful image was this photograph of makeshift graveyards, below.



Hurricane Andrew hit Florida on the night of August 21, causing much damage in a wide area to the south of Miami. Kendall County, above, was one of the most devastated parts, with many buildings totally wrecked. Below, a man and his dog stand amid the wreckage of what was once their home; altogether 80,000 homes were destroyed.



Wrecked yachts and other vessels, struck by winds gusting up to 168mph, lie piled up along the shores of southern Florida, above. The total cost of the damage caused by the hurricane was provisionally estimated at more than \$30,000 million.

THE TRAIL OF HURRICANE ANDREW

Hurricane Andrew hit the Bahamas on August 23, then devastated part of southern Florida before crossing the Gulf of Mexico to hit the coast of Louisiana. Altogether the violent storms caused the deaths of at least 35 people and destroyed some 80,000 homes. In financial terms the damage was estimated at more than \$30,000 million, which gave Hurricane Andrew the distinction of being the most destructive storm to hit the mainland and the costliest natural disaster in American history.

The storm's worst damage was in the area south of Miami, where

many lost their homes and were left without shelter, drinking water, electricity and food. President Bush ordered thousands of troops into the area, and they brought with them tents, generators, mobile kitchens and water, setting up tent cities and providing other life-support facilities.

The President had been quick to respond personally to the disaster, cutting short a campaigning trip to fly to Miami to see the damage and confer with the state Governor, Lawton Chiles, and following up with a visit to Louisiana. But he was later accused of being slow to recognise the scale

of the devastation. Not until Florida congressmen took up local complaints and accused the federal government of near-criminal neglect was the Department of Defence ordered to move in the troops. Four days after Hurricane Andrew struck.

Because America is in the run-up to the presidential election, reactions to the disaster were inevitably seen to have political implications. Florida is a crucial state in the Republican re-election campaign, and political analysts were agreed that the President could not afford to put a foot wrong.

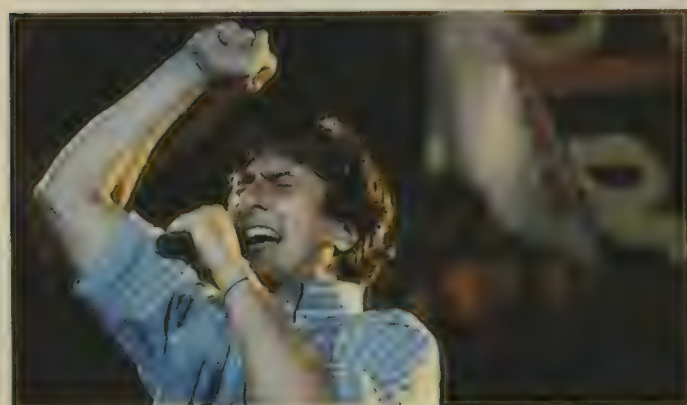
More than 150,000 people were left homeless after what was the most destructive storm ever recorded on the mainland of the United States. Below right, survivors search among the ruins of houses in southern Florida, which was declared a federal disaster area; below left, light aircraft that were thrown together in a corner of an airport.



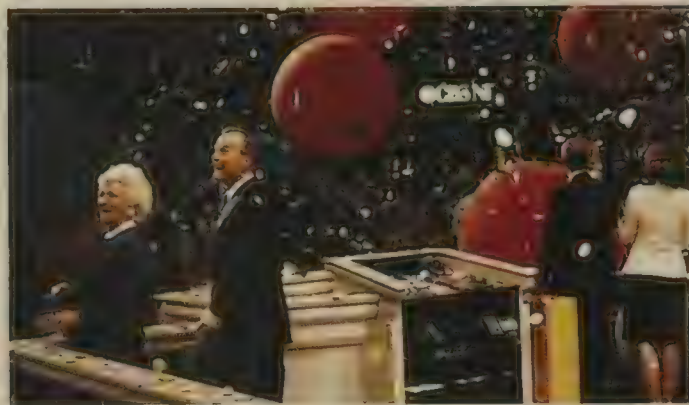
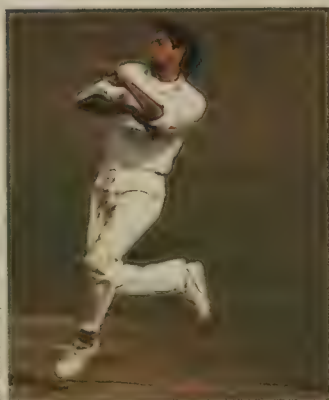


Starvation in Somalia. Lines of hungry children wait to be fed in Somalia, a desperate country in the grip of starvation. A massive international relief operation is under way, but with no central authority or government the attempts to help are frequently confounded by banditry. Fighting seems to break out wherever food appears, and the UN is having to send in its blue-helmeted troops both to guard the food and to secure its distribution. But a Security Council decision to send another 3,000 UN troops was strongly criticised within Somalia.

Republican Ticket. President Bush and Vice-President Quayle with their wives acknowledging their supporters' cheers after being formally nominated at the Republican convention.



Embattled President. The Brazilian President Fernando Collor, seen campaigning above, is fighting to ward off a vote in the Chamber of Deputies in favour of his impeachment. Collor was elected in 1989 on a promise of clean government, but has since been accused of corruption. A congressional committee alleged that large sums of public money were diverted to pay for his personal and family expenses, and since then it seems that the number of Deputies prepared to support him has dropped below the margin needed to survive a vote of impeachment.



Plea for Maastricht. President François Mitterrand took part in a three-hour television debate in France, below, to try to persuade his countrymen to vote *oui* in the national referendum on the Maastricht treaty. He said that rejection of the treaty would be a serious setback for both France and Europe, and was at pains to separate the issue of the referendum from his own political popularity, which was rated very low in the opinion polls. The

French President maintained that Maastricht was needed to enable the EC to protect itself, for while barriers were coming down between European states the Community lacked means of protecting its internal and external security. President Mitterrand's opponent in the debate, the Gaullist Philippe Seguin, argued that the treaty should be re-negotiated to give all the national parliaments more influence in EC decision-making.

Pakistan triumphant. The fast bowlers Wasim Akram and Waqar Younis bowled Pakistan to victory in this summer's Test matches, the fourth series in a row that England have lost to Pakistan. Waqar took 22 wickets in this series and Wasim 21. There were accusations that the Pakistanis had tampered with the ball, but no evidence was presented and most observers had no doubt that the England players were victims of very fine bowling.



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SAVING THE ZOO

Must London zoo be closed? Many think its extinction is no more inevitable than that of some of the animal species it has helped to preserve. Linda Bennett talked to some experts who believe that the capital can—and should—have a zoo to be proud of.

Photographs by Bryn Campbell.

"A Robin Redbreast in a cage Puts all Heaven in a rage."

The words of William Blake ring truer than ever today, and with increased knowledge and concern for wildlife and its welfare some zoos have lost their popularity. When the possibility of closure of London zoo, at Regent's Park, was first made public in 1988 there were stories in the press of restlessly pacing lions and sad-eyed gorillas. It made you wonder when those reporters had last visited the zoo, for much has changed: gorillas breed in family groups, and you have to scan the leafy big-cat enclosures in search of lions.

In 1826, when the forward-thinking Sir Stamford Raffles founded the Zoological Society of London, the purpose of forming the collection was for "teaching and elucidating zoology". It was the world's first public zoological gardens, and it provided a repository for the many specimens brought back by Charles Darwin from his voyages on the *Beagle*. It gave scientists an opportunity to develop their practical knowledge, and as early as 1829 a post-mortem examination was carried out on the zoo's first orang-utan. So began the vital work in management of captive species.

Today the society consists of five divisions: London zoo, Whipsnade animal park, the learned society, the Institute of Zoology and the Overseas Conservation and Consultancy Programme. This



complex structure has given the zoo its international standing—sadly not recognised by the British public or Government.

For instance, the female of the panda pair, Ming Ming, is the first to come out of China on breeding loan, and the male, Boa Boa, is from Berlin zoo. The institute has pioneered work on captive breeding of pandas and this is just part of an international co-operative breeding programme to save this endangered species. Last year scientists from London collected frozen semen from

Germany and then rushed it to Mexico City zoo to inseminate artificially a receptive female. Asiatic lions have a wild population of only 284 individuals and London's four youngsters from Sakkarbaug zoo, in the Indian state of Gujarat, are the only young captive pure-bred stock capable of founding a new dynasty.

The work at London zoo has also benefited British wildlife. Studies into the mass seal deaths around our coasts in the late 1980s identified a type of seal distemper and led to the realisation that seals are particularly vulnerable to pollution. Scientists at Regent's Park have also helped to reintroduce red kites to England and Scotland.

In spite of the many breeding success stories and the changing role of the zoo towards greater emphasis on conservation, in the 1970s the number of visitors started to decline. Society had become more mobile, and the zoo had to compete as a family day-out with safari parks and adventure worlds. By 1987 many of the zoo's main buildings were looking tired and derelict, because there had been little capital invested in them. The listed, mountain-like Mappin Terraces, for example, had to be closed for safety reasons. The Government was asked to help. A team of leading consultants was employed and on the basis of its proposals the Government provided a





one-off payment of £10 million to take the two zoos, London and Whipsnade, into the 21st century.

The future looked bright: a new management structure was instigated and marketing staff were employed to promote the modern image. Exciting new developments were proposed, such as the "world's finest" children's zoo on an extra 10 acres of Regent's Park, a dazzling, arc-light animal display along Regent's Canal and the restoration of the Mappin Terraces to suggest the Szechwan region of China. London could, once again, become the role model for zoos of the future.

What went wrong? The ideas for expansion fell foul of local residents; planning permission could not be obtained and potential sponsors were lost. Lost, too, was the credibility of the council and management.

In 1991 the zoo once again hit the headlines: "Animals face slaughter as London zoo decides to close". Children flocked to see the animals for possibly the last time. Facing liquidation, the council had decided that its only choice was to close the zoo.

As a last, desperate attempt, the council produced a rescue package in a document entitled "The Living Earth". This suggested a zoo with fewer animals and themed exhibitions looking at conservation problems. This proposal was

Above left, local and overseas visitors may enable London zoo to pay its daily bills, but considerable investment is needed if buildings such as the Old Bird House, below left, are to be replaced and if the orang-utan, above, is not to be the last from the primate breeding programme.

taken to the Government, but David Trippier, then environment minister, responded: "My view is that people in the 1990s believe that confining animals in a 37-acre site like Regent's Park zoo is not appropriate. There will be no more government money for Regent's Park."

Yet the Natural History Museum receives more than £25 million a year, Kew Gardens more than £13 million, and most zoos in capital cities all over the world receive a substantial proportion of their income through government or municipal grants. Since the election, the Department of the Environment has passed the embarrassing problem of the zoo to the newly-created Department of National Heritage. The minister of state, Robert Key, appearing reluctant to help, said: "The decision to close London zoo will bring an end to a great tradition but it cannot now break even. The society is sensibly facing up to the reality it confronts." The failure to offer assistance to a unique part of Britain's heritage does not augur well for the future of the new Government department.

But proposals for the zoo's salvation were being produced from other quarters. A group of concerned fellows of the Zoological Society produced an alternative philosophy, "Down to Earth". This document advocates an animal-based approach to the collection, suggesting that there should be a series of centres housing groups of animals, such as reptiles, where the conservation and captive breeding programmes could be emphasised and explained fully.

One of the leaders of this reform group, Stephen Cobb, feels that it is vitally important for a modern zoo to illustrate the link between the collection of captive animals and the conservation of endangered species. "Lack of marketing of the conservation and research aspects had allowed an increasingly inquisitive public to become ever more sceptical of animals in cages. Present policies have failed to convince people that zoos are no longer just takers but givers of animals back to the wild." His point is well illustrated by Mr Trippier's comment.

Another rescue plan came from David Laing, of New Zoo Developments, a consortium that includes construction company John Laing, merchant bank Samuel Montagu and Massachusetts-based aquarium and zoo project design group Cambridge Seven Associates. Much of its contents originated from the proposals put forward after the



Government's injection of cash. NZD proposed large habitat-based exhibits focusing on animal communities. Major environmental themes would be the open ocean, the tropical rain forest, the Szechwan habitat, a theatre of the environment and new children's zoo. The aquarium, incorporating a coral reef, open ocean and an underwater walkway, has received much praise.

Wildlife conservationist and broadcaster David Attenborough favours this

Caged big cats are no longer part of the zoo scene: London's lions can relax in large, leafy enclosures, above. Reopening the Mappin Terraces, below, features in recent zoo rescue plans.

kind of approach, believing that large animal husbandry and breeding programmes should be carried out at Whipsnade, where there is more space and privacy for the animals. But he also thinks it important that children and

adults should have a fundamental contact with wild animals. Environment-based displays, such as the rain-forest concept, with small mammals, reptiles and invertebrates living in ecological groups in a balanced community, would provide this. He is enthusiastic about large aquaria and has said that he thinks it "a scandal that this country doesn't have a huge hi-tech aquarium such as you can see in New Orleans, Tokyo or Sydney, where sea otters mingle with fish and other sea life. Couple this with an electronic zoo, as conceived by Chris Parsons, and an IMAX cinema, and London zoo would no longer be living in the past." (Christopher Parsons, the natural-history film producer, has developed the concept of an electronic zoo in which the latest audio-visual technology provides visitors with close-up views of the animal world. For example, the private world of an ant colony can be projected onto a large screen, and simulated observatories can offer the experience of being within a penguin rookery. An IMAX cinema has a screen that can be the size of an office building.)

The NZD proposal would involve the developers sub-leasing the site, and the Zoological Society would continue its research and be contracted to undertake the professional management of the animals and the exhibition habitats. The proposal would cost some £61





million, but Mr Laing is confident that the money could be raised from the Government and the City of London.

It is hardly surprising that with so much uncertainty the staff have also come up with their own suggestions. Adrian Taylor, speaking for members of the zoo's two unions, has called for the zoo to be run separately from the Zoological Society, no longer inhibited by a laborious decision-making process through management to council and ultimately to the fellows. Mr Taylor argues: "With the cushion of the Emir of Kuwait's £1 million donation and the £350,000 given by the British public to the Save Our Zoo campaign, the zoo can survive and successfully complete the necessary transformation into the country's leading animal conservation centre."

Some council members still see closure

as inevitable. Roger Wheeler, director of the Royal Zoological Society of Edinburgh, supports closure. "My sole reason for this is finance. Quite simply, the zoo has run out of money. The £10 million given by Government in 1988 has been spent. The Mappin Terraces alone need £7 million spending on them and the backlog of maintenance on other buildings totals some £13 million; many of these, though listed, are now totally unsuitable for animal husbandry.

"From the point of view of the staff skills and expertise, the breeding programmes and conservation as a whole, it is a terrible decision to have to take, but one cannot sustain all these fine programmes unless one can get the visitors through the gate." This spring attendances at London were down 28 per cent, representing a decline of about 27,000

Proposals for the future of the Regent's Park site are complicated by the presence of several listed buildings, restricting the scope for demolition or alteration. The Penguin Pool, below, was designed by the Russian architect Berthold Lubetkin and opened in 1934. It is a popular rendezvous for visitors, especially during the daily ritual of feeding time, left.



visitors a month, compared with only a 1.4 per cent decrease at Edinburgh zoo.

David Weeks, leader of Westminster City Council and a member of the Zoological Society council, also supports closure. But he hopes that something new will rise like a phoenix—with a clean balance sheet. "The proposals being offered are nothing but short-term palliatives and will not work." He likens the zoo to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, trying to cover everything. He would like to see a reduction in the number of species and, as in the New York City zoo, fewer animals though within their natural habitats. Asked why Westminster did not put money into the zoo, he replied: "There are so many pulls on the community purse, such as the homeless, care for the elderly and so on." Although the local authority has a clear responsibility for education, and despite the fact that local schools make extensive use of its facilities, Westminster has as yet failed to make a contribution towards the zoo.

Others are more optimistic and are still campaigning for the zoo's future. An increasing amount of common ground between the factions is emerging daily. Colin Tudge, the other leading light of the reform group, is confident that the zoo will survive. Over the past few months a working party chaired by Peter Jewell, vice-president of the Zoological Society, sought to combine the proposals of "The



Living Earth" (produced by the society) with those in "Down to Earth" (the reform group's document) and the views of the other fellows and staff.

Jewell's redevelopment plans for the zoo are less ambitious than the NZD proposals. Major innovations would include an African centre on the Cotton Terraces, where the giraffe, zebra and antelope are housed. Emphasising the society's strong support for African conservation, the display would concentrate on the successful captive breeding

Above, children find the statue of Guy the gorilla irresistible, but need to see live wild animals too, yet neither national nor local government seems to recognise the zoo's educational role or be willing to offer a helping hand.

programmes such as that for the Arabian oryx. Reopening the Mappin Terraces is considered a psychological sign of revival and crucial to the success of any plan. Sheep and goats would be housed on the mountains while the lower part would

form an extensive holding and cubbing area for one species of bear; there are no bears at London at present. The possibility of building a spectacular aquarium is being explored.

Colin Tudge believes that one of the reasons for the zoo's failure is that there has been no clear statement of policy. The Jewell report, as amended, now provides that strong conservation message needed to re-establish the zoo's credibility. Mr Tudge is convinced that with good management, and a demonstration that the zoo can pay its way, capital investment will be forthcoming. To meet its day-to-day running costs the zoo needs only 950,000 visitors a year. With approximately nine million people in the greater London area plus tourists to draw on, this should not be a problem. In many European cities, such as Amsterdam, Stuttgart and Edinburgh, zoo visitor numbers equal the population.

The crisis has concentrated minds wonderfully and the various factions are now finding common ground. Grenville Lucas, chairman of the Federation of Zoos and keeper at Kew, puts the case eloquently. "Britain needs London zoo. As we move into the 21st century there must be a holistic approach to conservation involving zoos, private collections, protected areas and national parks all integrated as a whole, with television, cinemas and man himself as part of the exhibit. Animals will be returned to areas managed to be in balance with the needs of the local people—in the 21st century there will be no true wild places."

David Bellamy, the conservationist lecturer and broadcaster, reiterates these feelings. "London zoo must stay open," he says. "It is the third most important centre in the world for research into the release of animals into the wild after captive breeding. Six thousand species of vertebrates alone now depend on captive breeding in zoos for their survival."

London as a capital should have a zoo worthy of its status, and the children of London deserve to be able to walk in and see living wild animals. When I visited the zoo one pouring wet day in August a child was dragging his mother to one of the ticket offices. He wanted to give the staff his drawing of a tiger, produced after his previous visit. It was a plea for the zoo to remain open. We have destroyed so much of the world for future generations; should we also deny them the chance to correct our appalling greed by destroying this vital gene bank and centre for research?

On behalf of Britain the Prime Minister signed the bio-diversity agreement at the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro in June. In the light of that commitment London zoo must surely not be closed □



FURNITURE WITH *Flair*

Some of the most exciting and individualistic designers of contemporary craftsman-made furniture are to be found in Britain, reports Jane Mulvagh.

Britain is not internationally regarded as a force in contemporary furniture design—but this has produced an important advantage. While Continental countries and the United States have developed big companies that set their own style and employ a string of designers to develop it, British design in this field is largely a cottage industry, centred on the individual. The designer is often also the craftsperson, or he may co-ordinate a small team of specialist woodcarvers, joiners and metalworkers.

For quirky, individualistic pieces, lovingly rendered by hand, Britain is a fertile hunting ground. Private homes and small studios, well away from central London, often double as showrooms for young style-setters who produce exciting, often eccentric pieces with none of the rough edges smoothed away. With the slick, throwaway 1980s now behind us and a new emphasis on durability and quality emerging, the stage looks set for a steady growth in their appeal.

John Makepeace, founder and director of Parnham College, which trains craftspeople in wood, has remarked on a growing awareness of Britain's history of furniture design. If this has in recent decades been pushed from the limelight by foreign design corporations, it has many, more distant, centuries on which to draw. He applauds the new propensity for Britain's young designers to delve

Like many of the current generation of furniture designers in Britain, Lucy Fielden began by studying architecture. The change of career offered more creative freedom to produce, for example, her range of metal furniture inspired by Montacute House, a late-Elizabethan mansion in Somerset.



deep into the past as a way to the future. "Design is only possible if it is based on an understanding of where we come from. For a long time—since the 1960s—we have ignored history and the basic tenets of good design. Now we are seeing a new sensitivity to materials and techniques. It is a welcome shift in values."

Coming to grips with all that is happening in Britain is not easy. To track down particular pieces of furniture you may have to go directly to the creators. Alternatively there are several stores in London, such as the Conran Shop, Liberty and the Study, where an eclectic mixture of pieces is displayed. Themes & Variations, in Westbourne Grove, is another treasure trove of lively, idiosyncratic creations. Among the furniture on show here is work by 25-year-old Mancunian Peter Fossick, who mixes the metallically flamboyant with pure, rich wood. Prompted by the recent furore over the value to the nation of the antique Badminton Cabinet, Fossick designed his own version in American black walnut with a matching veneer embellished with forged and beaten steel. The result is a butterfly poised for flight. Winged doors open to reveal 12 drawers, two of which are false.

Insect-like themes crop up again and again in Fossick's work, which would be well suited in its sinister drama to an Addams Family setting. His fish-tailed chair is one of the most beautiful pieces of furniture I saw on my rounds. But you must bear in mind that Fossick's furniture is not for the faint-hearted. His clients have included the pop group Depeche Mode, who commissioned a dining table and chair. Prices start at £1,000, but can rise considerably higher.

Aside from the strength of Derek Frost's work the attraction of commissioning a piece of his furniture is simply the pleasure of talking to him. He is imaginative and self-effacing ("I'm hideously under-trained"). He generously dwells on the importance of the craftspeople with whom he works and points out that the advantage of being a designer rather than a craftsman is that a buyer can commission three or four skills for one piece—thus it might be the creation of a gilder, a carver, a metalworker and a marble carver.

Having worked as a picture dealer, and "played the hippy for a while, travelling and looking", Frost joined the interior designer Mary Fox Linton for eight years. Initially they worked closely with David Hicks, to whom he acknowledges an influence, and then he began his own company. "I was trained on the streets rather than at school," Frost explains. But his streets stretch as far as the Indian subcontinent. There is

nothing predictable or gratuitous about Frost's designs, everything is there to reflect the commissioner's character and demands. For example, his lectern satisfies the client's wish for both a serviceable library object and a sculpture. Frost started with the observation that most church lecterns are based on the eagle with spread wings. "I wanted to play with this bird theme, but rather than the bird facing the congregation it faces the reader." The zebrano wood veneer was chosen to imitate the rippling patterns of a bird puffing out its breast feathers, "like a man's formal dress suit with the proud chest decorated with dress shirt and studs". The lectern was finished in copper-leaf water gilding and it stands on a marble base.

Frost designs to order and will discuss every aspect of the project with the client as it evolves. The price is likely to be anything from £3,000 upwards: his most expensive piece was £15,000.

Charles Codrington's work is easy on the eye, reflecting the simplicity and charm of early colonial American furniture and the Shaker tradition. He says he learnt most of his trade while working with the London art dealers Crane Kalman Gallery on picture frames and restored furniture. By 1988 he felt confident enough to start his own business. He is attracted to simple design inspired by early-English oak furniture, which he prefers to heavily carved or elaborately veneered pieces.

"I like wood to show itself off—its grain and natural qualities," he explains. He cites the provincial craftsmen's copies of what Chippendale was doing in London, for "in some rare cases they actually got the proportions better".

Codrington's prices range from £350 for a box chest on curved legs to £2,800 for a William and Mary-style tallboy. His work can be found in many shops, including Liberty, where his table is the number two best seller. You can also order from him direct. He puts his survival in the recession down to the fact that he will custom-make for clients, changing size and even paint-finishes to suit individual taste. But he admits: "Cabinet-making is a luxury. Furniture does not wear out, and if people have the choice between a new piece and a holiday, they will opt for the holiday." His Dutch Colonial-style furniture created in partnership with Sasha Waddell was inspired by their trip to Sri Lanka: they hope to "smother Britain in it and aim for the export market—perhaps the Queen's Award for Export", he teases.

John Makepeace, of Parnham College, is a master craftsman and fine teacher. This gentle sage can speak informatively and inspiringly on the subject of

cabinet-making and must truly guide his students. This year's graduates range from a civil engineer, Ronald Emmett, embarking on his second career, to a bevy in their mid-20s.

Emmett is a brave but contented man. He sold his company and pursued his dream to become a furniture-maker. "I decided that as my children were going off to college to study, so could I. This was my last chance." He makes supremely elegant chairs, tables and cabinets that range in price from his Enigma display table in holly and walnut at £3,500 to a high-back chair in maple at £450.

Christopher Healey, one of Parnham's star graduates this year, received a good end-of-term report when I spoke to Makepeace about him. "One of Chris's abilities," he proudly informed me, "is his understanding of a variety of human interests and needs, such as the Small-bone kitchen island. It is delightful and everyone can relate to it. His other work is mystical and he's anxious to find a route that is not normally taken with furniture forms and to look for a spiritual quality in objects. That is very difficult for a student and very courageous."

Healey generally works in ways that avoid craft for craft's sake. Technically he is naïve, which is part of the charm of his objects, but they do retain their spontaneity. Makepeace opines that although Healey's work is "difficult" it will attract attention from both the media and onlookers as well as buyers



The range of styles employed by modern designers is enormous and eclectic, but a love of high-quality natural materials and craftsmanship is a common theme. Left, Peter Fossick uses fluid, organic forms for his flamboyant creations, such as the sideboard in quilt maple and his cast-aluminium shark chair. By contrast, Charles Codrington's work is marked by the simplicity and restraint of the Shaker-style dresser, above.



Seats with style: above left, Ronald Emmett's elegant maple high-back chair; above right, sturdy, nautical "Gulliver's Chair" by Julienne Dolphin-Wilding; below, Derek Frost's equine "Racing Chair".



A recent graduate of Parnham College, Christopher Healey, seen right with rooster egg-stand, brings a spiritual element to more exotic works, such as this brown-oak chair, left.

because of its uncompromising character.

Healey's Molluscabinet is a perfect example of a spiritual yet "difficult" piece. Healey explains: "A mollusc shell with seaweed was the starting point. I chose sycamore for the doors so that they will yellow with time and become more shell-like." He attached red slubbed silk, quilted into strands, to create seaweed-like tendrils at the back of the cabinet. The whole sits on a steel leg structure. Opening the doors you find it is a drinks cabinet, with one shelf made of granite and the other of rippled sycamore.

The logo for his company, which is being incorporated this autumn, symbolises a human silhouette as part of the tree of life. He is determined to draw

furniture design from nature and create objects that both stimulate and relax the viewer. This exceptionally talented young man's kitchen island is available at Divertimenti, priced at £1,700. More affordable is his "rooster" egg-stand (already a best seller) at £20 and his candlesticks priced from £12 to £24.

A telling fact I discovered in researching this article is the paucity of women furniture designers. When I asked some of the Parnham students why this should be, one of the men replied: "Oh, it's not a woman's craft, because it's too heavy and there's never been a tradition in England for women cabinet-makers."

But women *are* making their presence felt. Among them, 32-year-old Julienne

Dolphin-Wilding confided that she, like her father, a carpenter, has very big hands. "Since I was a child I have loved tools and have always been a hands-on kind of person." Not for her the it'sy-bitsy, gilded and painted little pieces of furniture and mirrors often associated with the few craftswomen, but a rough-and-ready style based on her degree thesis on ship construction.

Miss Dolphin-Wilding is inspired by the ship technology of old galleons. "In the same way that Philippe Starck found inspiration in aero technology, many have looked at industrial processes and principles and applied them to chair design," she says. Her chairs are pre-industrial in style but have mistakenly



been typecast as primitive; no doubt, her black African roots have fuelled this misconception.

The mast motif, a perpendicular, is central to her work: "I hate horizontal surfaces, such as tables, and can't resolve them. That's why I mainly make chairs." To the mast everything is attached to keep it erect, such as ironmongery, ropes, toggles, blocks and pulleys. In keeping with the nautical theme, she favours distressed woods, often driftwoods collected from the banks of the Thames. The result is what you would imagine a shipwrecked chair would look like; it might even float and would certainly be enhanced by the weathering process. Her signature is extremely high-backed chairs, which, curiously, can make a small room look bigger.

While the British are appreciative of innovation and creativity, they are frequently too scared to make the leap of placing such work in their own homes, she says. "I often find that first-time buyers decide to put my work in the garden, where they feel they can be more daring, and then gradually, as their confidence increases, pieces start appearing round the house. The Americans are less inhibited. Perhaps it is because they are familiar with the rustic tradition of the Adirondack mountains and the crafts of those people. Similarly in France I have

a good reception, as primitive art is part of their culture."

Miss Dolphin-Wilding's pieces range in price from £400 to £2,000. She is wary of using African hardwoods in her low-tech, hand-crafted pieces, because of creeping deforestation. She tends to opt for yew. "When most people buy yew they discard 70 per cent of it because of cracks and faults. Instead, I use the whole, faults and all. Alternatively I will go to Eco-Timber, which claims to use farmed rather than wild African timbers, but by and large I don't need new woods. Either I collect driftwood or people give me wood from trees, such as holly, hornbeam, cedar or yew, that have fallen in storms and which I keep in my barn."

Simon Pugh, too, is amused that his customers, a distinctly different market from Miss Dolphin-Wilding's, "don't understand that wood is an imperfect material. It's not like metal or plastic; it has grain marks, burs and even cracks." Pugh came to furniture design through a circuitous and fruitful route. After leaving school, he set himself up in the rag trade during the punk years, and then in 1981 opened an art gallery where he showed the paintings and sculpture of his contemporaries.

Having dabbled, Pugh decided that he had found his *métier* and applied to Christie's auction house to train as a

paintings expert, but "I got on very well with the furniture expert", he recalls. His path was clear and he spent five years with the auctioneers, gaining a thorough grounding in the history of furniture. "I would never have made a successful dealer. I was too possessive about the pieces I bought and a terrible snob about whether a piece was too late, or not pure. You can be too academic; after all many people just want decorative pieces."

The answer was to set up a gallery that interprets old designs in a contemporary manner. Pugh does not copy old furniture but offers hybrids, such as a recent commission of a Georgian-style four-poster bed with fluted columns and Empire-style ebonised headings combined with a boat-bed base.

"I do not want people to think they are buying an antique," he warns, "they are not. The idea behind the business is not that people fill their home with my work but rather add it to antique or modern pieces. It's a matter of taking styles I admire and replaying them, such as that coffee table, which is based on the simplicity of a French provincial kitchen table. I made it in cherry wood, because it has a beautiful grain, and then used a mahogany finish to enrich the colour."

One of the reasons why Pugh has to reinterpret is that craftsmen are much more expensive nowadays. "Take that



Left, horn chest, designed by Derek Frost. The doors conceal a mirrored bar with glass shelves. The carcase is clad in yew veneer laid in "tiger stripes".



Above, Derek Frost's lectern, standing on a base of medium issorie marble, is set aglow by distressed and patinated copper-leaf water gilding and use of quilted maple veneer.

Right, a low, semi-circular sofa table designed by Derek Frost incorporates cherry hardwood and matched "flame" mahogany veneers. Polished stainless steel provides a mirror-like lining for the low-level recess, of which the top and bottom edges are decorated with mother-of-pearl insets.



Napoleon III-style bed. The original would have come apart in many different ways, but that's far too expensive to craft today and would cost over £8,000. Instead, my version cuts corners and costs only £2,000." He is inspired by Continental rather than British 19th-century furniture because it is simple.

A large proportion of today's furniture designers come from a background in architecture. Having spent five years training at the prestigious Architectural Association, one of Europe's most avant-garde schools, Lucy Fielden felt guilty about admitting that she was unhappy in the *métier* in which she had qualified in 1986 and worked for two years. "You can't imagine the strain of being in that profession," she explained. "You're totally beholden to the craftspeople and if an electrician doesn't earth something and your building blows up then it's *your* responsibility."

While travelling in Morocco in 1988 she worked up the courage to start anew as a furniture designer. "I always felt if I

had had my time again I would have begun as an apprentice to a cabinet-maker." She began with the Shropshire Set of oak garden and conservatory furniture which was named after her home county where she found two groups of craftsmen to work with. "There are so many craftspeople there: cabinet-makers, carvers and metal-fabricators."

The success of her competitively priced furniture, which she sold direct from home, prompted Craig Allen, of the Conran Shop, to commission from her a series of carved oak conservatory pieces; since then she has branched into metal furniture, inspired by Montacute House.

Curiously Miss Fielden attributes her success partly to the recession. "When

there is very little money around, few are going to spend several thousand pounds on grand cabinet-making. My work starts at £150 [for a wall sconce] and the most expensive project I have completed was an ebonised wood 15-foot oak table and 14 hand-carved chairs. That was only £7,000."

Lucy Fielden no doubt speaks for many of today's young designers when she points to the fun and excitement inherent in her work. "I have total freedom and control over my own designs, and can work closely with craftsmen and develop my ideas with them in the workshop. Best of all, I can design a piece of furniture on a Monday and be sitting on it by the following Saturday."



Continental 19th-century furniture provides the inspiration for Simon Pugh, seen with a tall mahogany pot cupboard, a cherry-wood bookcase and bureau, an "altar table" of maple and ebonised wood and, in the foreground, a maple X-frame chair.

STOCKISTS

□ The Conran Shop, 22 Torrington Place, London WC1; tel: 071-631 0102 (ask for informative buyer Craig Allen). Liberty, Regent St, London W1; tel: 071-734 1234. Themes & Variations, 231 Westbourne Grove, London W11; tel: 071-727 5531. The Study, 55 Endell St, London WC2; tel: 071-240 5844. John Makepeace Designers and Furniture Makers, Parnham House, Beaminster, Dorset DT8 3NA; tel: 0308 862204. Peter Fossick, 1 Elm Rd, Didsbury, Manchester M20 0XB; tel: 061-434 1050. Derek Frost, Moreton Yard, Moreton Terrace Mews North, London SW1; tel: 071-828 6270. Charles Codrington, 27H 'Thames House, 140 Battersea Park Rd, London SW11; tel: 071-498 3186. Ronald Emmett, 4 Manor Buildings, North Perrott, Crewkerne, Somerset; tel: 0460 75900/75959. Christopher Healey, c/o Parnham House (above) or tel: 0291 430062. Julianne Dolphin-Wilding, 34 Cecil Rhodes House, Goldington St, London NW1; tel: 071-380 0950. Simon Pugh, 79 Walton St, London SW3; tel: 071-823 9311. Lucy Fielden, 66 Millman St, London WC1; tel: 071-405 1879 □

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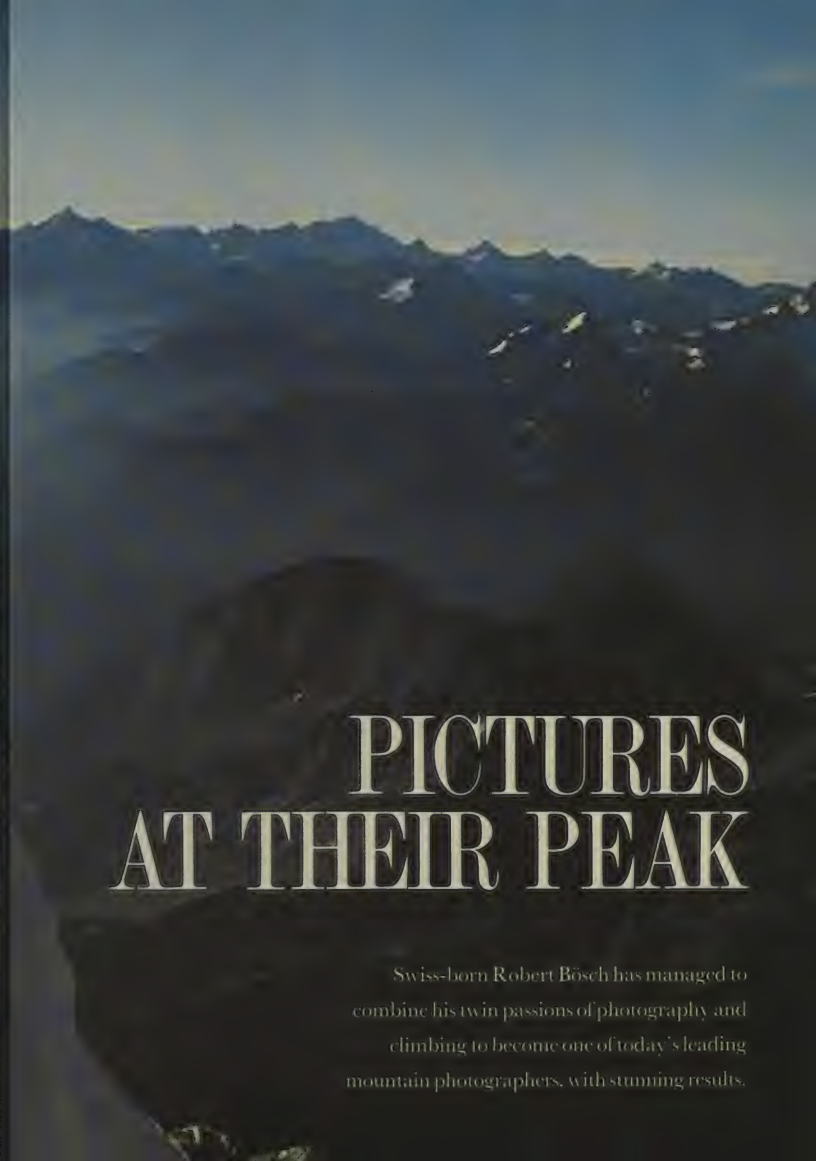
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PICTURES AT THEIR PEAK

Swiss-born Robert Bösch has managed to combine his twin passions of photography and climbing to become one of today's leading mountain photographers, with stunning results.

Traversing a peak in the Mont Blanc range of the Alps, previous page.

During the climb on which this picture was taken Robert Bösch luckily had with him a compact camera with a lens that was suitable for the shot. It meant he did not need to unpack bulkier equipment from his rucksack first and miss the chance of capturing the moment.

A mountaineer scales the Khumber Glacier in the Himalayas, right. Shooting pictures while on an ice-climb is extremely tricky. The weather conditions in the higher reaches of the mountains, where the snow and ice prevail, are always variable, and the required rigging for the ropes is very time-consuming to set up.



On the north face of the Aiguille du Midi, right, one of the major peaks in the Mont Blanc range. The camera equipment for a climb is chosen with regard to the difficulty of the ascent. The weight and bulk of the cameras must be considered. It is not possible to carry all the lenses that might be needed so an informed choice is made.

Mountain climbing makes no sense whatsoever. It is risky, useless, often disappointing—and yet totally fascinating. To be exposed to the merciless storms and the whims of nature, to be surrounded by scenery of awesome drama, to be alone in territory untouched by civilisation, makes for a total contrast to normal daily life. For me, mountains are more than a stunning sight—they are an experience.

But, much as mountains attract me, they have also frightened me again and again. Many times I have found myself cursing the cold and the loneliness, longing for the moment when I would be back down again, enjoying warmth, comfort and the company of other people. When I am faced by extreme danger, any Alpine goal is reduced to complete meaninglessness compared with the overriding necessity to get down safely. But after some time has elapsed and softened the memory of the last

brush with death, I grab my rucksack once again and hurry off towards the next adventure.

Mountain climbing is addictive. I cannot begin to count the number of times I have walked around a city day-dreaming about the mountains and a particular route that has frightened and yet cast a spell on me. I know that the only way to stop this turning into an obsession is to go and try that particular climb once again. All that matters is to see how close I can come to my own limits of skill and endurance.

The opportunity for adventure, though, is constantly decreasing. The Alps are now much-trodden, with shelter huts everywhere backed up by rescue facilities. The main and most logical routes are well-beaten tracks and anyone looking for fresh challenges has to seek out possibilities elsewhere.

Over the past 20 years there has been a noticeable change in mountaineers' attitudes towards climbing. In the past every

climber was an all-rounder, ready to scramble up rocks, to scale ice walls and to cross tracts of snow. Nowadays they tend to specialise in order to attempt particularly difficult feats, such as climbing without ropes or oxygen. All too often the joy of reaching the summit has become less important than the challenge of surmounting the problems that were encountered *en route*.

I first felt the pull of the mountains as a child, but did not begin climbing in earnest until the 1970s, when I was about 20 and studying for a degree in geography. From then on I started training for my mountain guide diploma; at that time learning the ropes was nowhere near as sophisticated and expensive as it is today.

My camera accompanied me on all my mountain trips, long before I took up photography professionally. For me the two have always belonged together—with photography being only marginally less important to me than the actual climbing. But in recent years things have





As the world's principal peaks have all been reached, in recent years climbers have looked for some new challenges.

These have included tackling harder, untried routes to well-known summits and attempting rock formations that require more unorthodox styles of climbing, like the climber, above, on the Rüttelhorn in the Jura Mountains.

The Klausen Pass in the Glarus Alps, right, in Switzerland.

Robert Bösch climbed here with his wife during one autumn and saw the photogenic splendour of the area.

He came back with two friends the following December to retrace his original route and to shoot the eye-catching scenery.



changed tremendously, in some ways much to my regret. I now find myself setting off into the mountains specifically to photograph something: the more photographs I take, the more I realise that it is seldom possible to shoot really good pictures in passing, so to speak.

Ironically, action shots in particular need meticulous planning. This preparation starts well before I set off. I spend time carefully selecting my photographic equipment. Unfortunately it is usually impossible to carry every item I might want, but the new zoom lenses by Nikon often come to my rescue. Keeping the weight and bulk down to a minimum, (long lenses can get in the way of climbing) are my major considerations. When very low temperatures are likely, I work with mechanical cameras as battery-powered models cannot function in extreme cold. And, especially when I am photographing on skis, I always make sure I take along spares.

In my experience taking photographs on mountains can be a far riskier business than simply climbing them. Once, for instance, I was positioned just beneath the peak of a Swiss mountain photographing my companion. We were not secured by ropes. I found the image so compelling that I became totally engrossed in it. Suddenly I lost my balance and rolled backwards into a steep 1,000-foot crevasse. As I tumbled down I spotted a ridge and was able to grab onto it—my last chance to save myself before falling to my death. I am only too aware that had I climbed without my camera, I would never have made such a potentially fatal mistake □

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JOHN WARD DRAWN TO BEAUTY



A glimpse of the artist at his easel, portrayed in the mirror within his painting Fiona in the Turkish Gown, sums up Ward's timeless and yet mysterious world, as Joy Billington reports.

No angst, no pain, no poverty appear in the world John Ward portrays. If, also, there is no soul searching, as some critics point out, decrying the prettiness of his work, this is the perspective he has chosen. It is for these reasons that his work is valued by those who prefer their art to be beautiful and comprehensible, and that crowds gather around his canvases each summer at the Royal Academy. That Ward has never ventured into the dark realms where other artists wrestle with their various devils is perhaps because he has, quite simply, no angst in his soul.

There is a Peter Pan quality, a *Wind-*





The subject of Susie with Sunflowers, above, came to modelling as Ward's stand-in for a portrait of the Princess of Wales in 1984 and inspired many other paintings.

Conversation at Florian's, below, has a startling intensity.



in-the-Willows wistfulness in his view of the world as a sunny place filled with paintable scenes, such as royal marriages and baptisms, pretty women and beautiful scenery. Yet he escapes from a chocolate-box view of life because his models, however young and pretty, face their fates head on, with their eyes unveiled. They may be dressed in stately satins, fragile voiles or exotic foreign robes, but there is a flesh-and-blood reality about them as they stare into the middle distance. They are endowed with an air of intelligence and mystery. Two women talk so intensely over coffee at Florian's, for instance, that you long to be a Venetian fly on the wall.

His cool, ice-robed princesses are at the same time women, and his skill with satin is comparable with Sargent's. The intensity of his colours in a portrait like that of the photographer Norman Parkinson, his friend and a major influence on his work, brings the tropical heat of Tobago thrusting into the dankest English day.

If someone were to paint a giant mural of Ward's life, its background would be Hereford, with the great cathedral etched against the sky and the small houses huddled at its feet. It was in one of these houses that Ward's antique-dealer father lived with his wife and their seven children. It is as though Ward, the excited youngest child, were still floating along the tranquil Wye in a boat loaded

with his siblings, heading for a day of fishing and picnicking, a few miles upstream from Hereford.

There was rarely any money in the family coffers, but life was fun, as this excerpt from the foreword of his book of paintings demonstrates: "The journey back downstream was, for me, intensely romantic. The sculling would be gentle, little more than guiding dips and a tug on the lines. There would be the evening rise with drifts of flies across the river, and my brother would cast deftly and accurately at the puddles the rising trout would leave . . . On a summer evening I thought that these moments were near perfection."

A part of Ward seems to remain forever locked in that time, as though it cast a spell that no rough contemporary experience can puncture. So even though he celebrates his 75th birthday in October, the eyes of the boy he was peer out from that observant face, and he still finds his world interesting and challenging—for in an entirely defensible perspective, ugliness has been selected out. His idyllic childhood prevails.

His studio at Bilting Court, near Ashford, in Kent, adjacent to the converted Elizabethan courthouse where he and his wife Alison have raised their family over 30-odd years, has an air of tranquillity and calm. Little ruffles his geniality. The atmosphere is 1930s bohemian, with the ghosts of his life hanging about in old unfinished canvases, beautiful swatches of fabric, a sun hat lying on a chair, a gilt mirror—the whole unplanned décor has an accidental felicity that professional decorators strive for but rarely achieve. There is also a certain stillness of atmosphere that is alive and waiting for the next work by John Ward, CBE, RA.

A scene detailing the rococo curlicues of the Monte Carlo opera house at sunset, busy with strollers and dogs, lazes on his easel. He went down two or three times last winter, for a portrait commission, and this is one of the by-products, for on such trips there is usually sufficient time to sketch an outline for a substantial work of his own.

Thumbing through hundreds of sketches and photographs of works that now hang on palace walls, in millionaires' and mayors' parlours, in clubs and museums around the world, his memory comes through fresh and vivid: "Now that's lovely, a rock pool at Tenby, a contained universe . . . Rome, of course, I adore for its power and richness . . . This empty birdcage I bought in Paris and used again and again . . . Joyce Grenfell, a dear friend, whom I first met at my 1951 exhibition. I sent her over the years a series of illustrated letters; when she died her husband gave them all back to



This portrait of Joyce Grenfell was painted in 1979 and shows the actress in the sitting-room of her Fulham flat. The picture on the wall is a Sargent.

me . . . That's the Dilettanti Society, the most exclusive dining club of the top people in the arts . . . I painted this for the Prince of Wales, and it's never been shown. It's the only one I know of the Princess of Wales in her wedding dress. I drew their wedding, of course."

Ward's royal connections began in the 1960s when the Queen invited him to paint some exteriors and interior scenes at Balmoral. The then-teenaged Prince Charles was already interested in Ward's watercolours of various rooms, and the consequence was that Ward later became one of the Prince's teachers. Last year Ward wrote a foreword to the Prince's book of paintings: "These are the paintings of a traveller with time ever at his elbow, but then all painting is fraught with urgency, with the balance of opportunity against the constant movement of the elements . . ." Asked whether it was this that made his name, he says: "No, no. The way in is tougher

than that. People in those days were not over-impressed by royal patronage. People who don't know about drawing might be impressed, but not those who employ you to illustrate a book or do a poster or paint a portrait. My first breakthrough was a drawing for *Vogue*—much more important than anything else."

From about King George V's time, he believes, royal portraiture declined as photography increased its influence. As a consequence those who commissioned portraits—for regiments, societies, clubs, embassies—had become, he says, "people of little taste. So by the time I arrived at Balmoral, the commission would not have increased my standing as a professional artist."

This leads conversation to a subject that exercises him: the decline of drawing in art schools. "The teachers themselves are not trained to teach drawing and painting," he says. "Every art school used to have a set of casts, life-size classical

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The artist in his den: Ward's studio with its wealth of properties manages to be more orderly than most painters' places of work. It echoes the rejection of ugliness that informs all of his canvases.

figures and various busts. Then the fashion changed after the war and the art schools destroyed them. Only the Slade School kept them, and the Royal Academy. If you go to the Sackler Gallery at the Royal Academy, you'll see them decorating the area by the lift."

To the former *Vogue* fashion illustrator of the 1950s, whose sketches conveyed not only the line of a Dior dress but the swish and crackle of its fabric, today's art students receive inadequate and sloppy training. He quotes David Hockney on the subject of declining drawing skills, about a spiral of poor drawing discouraging the use of art in magazines and newspapers. "There's a deep instinct in people to do work with love and care. That is being totally disregarded, and in many cases is being actively discouraged. As Hockney says, it impoverishes us all, because those of lesser talents also have much to offer."

Working for *Vogue* "was a wonderful

education. I was shown superb clothes in Paris. The fashion editors showed how clothes should be worn. A man like Parkinson could tell a girl how to hold herself, you see. The models at art school had sat slumped like sacks. The fashion when I was at the Royal College of Art just before the war was that you painted 'the truth'. But it wasn't the truth . . . it was the sheer boredom of a girl who was naked because that was the way people had always learnt to draw. The fashion then was to see beauty in ugliness . . . I grew up in a convention where everything had to be drab and ugly." Today the models he uses for his own, as distinct from commissioned, work are always pretty, usually young. He has been compensating for the drabness and ugliness of his training years ever since.

Serving as a private in the Army for six years during the war was another drab and ugly experience, which made the post-war period of beautiful fabrics seem

like a magnificent explosion of colour. It is a long time since Ward was a student, living just off Fulham Road on his £80 scholarship, shyly making friends in the bohemian art world, deciding that "the sadness and problems of the working class were no subjects for me. Anyway, from my school-days I remembered snug, polished, working-class homes, but then I was totally ignorant of the industrial parts of England. I was all for painting Venus and lush still lifes and the pretty mists in Hyde Park."

By 1947 he was making a name for himself as an illustrator, and it was at that time that he was asked to do a detailed drawing from a sample of the material and embroidery of the flowers Norman Hartnell wanted to put on Princess Elizabeth's wedding dress. Ward sat up all night "with fine pen and watered ink, drawing each pearl, each spray of embroidered wheat, the rich folds of heavy satin . . ." Royal patronage has

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The girl in Georgina—Nude on a Sofa, 1980, was on her first modelling job. Ward notes that women are best painted in hot weather or when swathed in furs against bright, frosty weather.



been a great bonus in his work, as he freely admits. He praises the Prince of Wales for his leadership in making "the most important statement in the last 50 years about architecture", but is deliberately vague about the times he has spent painting with the Prince.

Ward is reluctant these days to take on any major commissions, and recently declined a request to paint a portrait of Mrs Thatcher for the House of Commons. "You have to have a degree of vitality for that kind of public picture, and I don't think I have it any longer," he says. "Painting is a very physical activity. I have given up painting busy people, people who have 20 minutes here and an hour there. I used to respond to that. I used to feel keyed up by that, but it's gone, and now I want someone who can enjoy sitting.

"When you haven't got much time left, you enjoy the sense of timelessness, the thought that you'll go on with that... next week, and the week after. It's a curious contradiction. But I'd have loved to paint Mrs Thatcher. It would have been my most important commission. I know exactly how I would have painted her, at question time, at the box, in the House. Then you'd see the vitality, and sense that this was a woman with a mission... It may be a great opportunity for someone

whose energy is on the boil," he suggests.

This characteristic modesty is one of Ward's most endearing qualities. He has led a charmed life in many respects, and has the satisfaction of knowing that his talents have been fully employed. Alison Ward, who regards the scenery that her husband has "painted" around their joint lives with wry detachment, speaks of her husband's foibles, declaring he is easier to live with than many husbands.

His eccentricities are limited to taking six umbrellas with him on holiday in Italy, as part of the paraphernalia he carries around for still-life paintings, along with birdcages and various baskets. Also, she adds: "No work involving writing in any form is genuine John Ward without a spelling mistake."

After their marriage in 1950 they lived in Folkestone for some years before moving to Ashford. Summing up their life together Alison says: "He is more of a saint than most others, and certainly not a sinner, but I think his eccentricity lies in his entirely single-minded concentration on the only things that matter to him—painting and drawing. He cannot be deflected to right or left. The result is a happy man."

□ Many of Ward's paintings are reproduced in his book *The Paintings of John Ward*, published by David & Charles, £40.

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ANGKOR WAT REBORN

David Brandt reports on efforts in the Cambodian jungle to restore the 12th-century temple complex of a once-mighty kingdom. Photographs by Ian Lloyd.

50



The French naturalist-explorer Henri Mouhot was hacking his way through the Cambodian jungle in the mid-19th century, warding off tigers, leeches and malarial mosquitoes, when villagers told him: "Sir, there is a city unlike anything man has ever dreamed of. It is deep in the jungle where the angry gods hid it from man." Mouhot finally came upon the monuments of Angkor, an area of some 75 square miles that was once the capital of a vast empire. The crowning jewel among its temples was Angkor Wat. In his diary he wrote: "One of these temples—a rival to that of Solomon and erected by some ancient Michelangelo—might take an



honourable place beside our most beautiful buildings. It is grander than anything left us by Greece and Rome."

The French were credited with rediscovering Angkor (it means "city" in the Khmer language) and saving some of man's greatest masterworks, created by a civilisation which had reached its apogee centuries earlier and which later mysteriously abandoned the site to invading jungle vines, lashing monsoon rains and thieves. Archaeologists, commanding a legion of workers and experts, set about restoring some of the more than 200 monuments which rise from the plain of Siem Reap, in north-western Cambodia. By the 1960s increasing numbers of foreign tourists were making their way to

Although it was abandoned many centuries ago, the temple complex of Angkor Wat, left, built by the Khmer people in the 12th century, over a period of about 37 years, still towers grandly over the Cambodian jungle.

A major programme of restoration continues at Angkor Wat, above, conducted by the Archaeological Survey of India. In the past six years more than 70,000 square metres of stone have been cleaned, and beams and columns replaced where needed.

Following page, Angkor Wat, covering about 2 square kilometres, is symmetrically laid out. In the Khmer language Angkor means "city" and Wat signifies "temple".

51





Angkor. Jacqueline Kennedy went sightseeing on an elephant; President Charles de Gaulle was fêted by sensuous dancers performing by torchlight within temple courtyards. An airport extension was planned and more hotels were being constructed.

Yet dark clouds rolled over Angkor and for more than two decades its fate hung in the balance. Civil war broke out in Cambodia in 1970, between Communist and government forces. In 1975 the capital Phnom Penh fell to the Khmer Rouge, whose reign of terror was followed in 1978 by a Vietnamese invasion and 13 years of civil war. Once more Angkor fell prey to both natural and human predators. But once again the ancient stones prevailed.

In the autumn of 1991 the country's four warring factions signed a peace accord which, it is to be hoped, has ended Cambodia's suffering and made possible an international effort to ensure the survival of Angkor. Tourists are beginning to arrive, albeit in small numbers, and facilities for them are being upgraded in the provincial seat of Siem Reap, 3 miles north of Angkor Wat. Once again visitors are echoing Mouhot's praise as they tour Angkor Wat and the other temples and shrines in the surrounding area: the



Ta Phrom, above, was built by King Jayavarman VII, one of Angkor's greatest rulers, as a shrine for his mother incorporating a monastery dedicated to its upkeep. It has deliberately been kept in its natural state and the huge roots of a silk-cotton tree have pushed their way between the temple's stone blocks.

Buddhist monks, left, are among the visitors to Angkor Wat. The Khmer religion developed into a synthesis of Hinduism and Buddhism: the latter has now become the predominant religion in Cambodia. Angkor Wat is dedicated to the Hindu god Vishnu, one of whose many statues stands in a temple shrine, right.

Bayon, with its haunting faces sculpted into a forest of towers; Banteay Srei, the apotheosis of classical Khmer art; and the romantic Ta Phrom, entwined by the growth of the jungle.

Angkor Wat's colossal scale overwhelms even those weaned on 20th-century skyscrapers. The temple is a mountain of quarried stone laid out

symmetrically over 2 square kilometres. It encompasses hectares of water, encircling forests, and galleries that appear to stretch into infinity adorned with wall reliefs that total nearly 1,000 square metres. An army of slave workers hauled and assembled the stone blocks and carved the statuary under the guiding genius of an unknown architect. It took



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37 years in the 12th century to complete Angkor Wat, which is dedicated to the Hindu god Vishnu and was probably constructed to contain the remains of its builder, King Suryavarman II.

The entrance pavilion, one of several architectural hors-d'oeuvres, entices the visitor to advance more deeply into the shrine, as do the *apsaras*, carvings of celestial maidens whose full, naked breasts and voluptuously curved bodies protrude seductively from the sandstone walls. As you move inwards through shadowy chambers the sanctuary proper seems to expand before your eyes, rising in three successive tiers towards five soaring central towers.

The ancient Khmers believed that there in the heights lay the symbolic centre of the universe; and for modern Cambodia the towers have constituted the national symbol for every government—royalist to Marxist. Here stood the earthly reflection of Mount Meru, abode of the Hindu gods, and below it the realm of man, stretching to the mountains at the edge of the universe, was represented by the temple's outer wall. Beyond these were the great outlying oceans of the Hindu cosmos symbolised at Angkor Wat by a wide moat.

For a time the heart of this civilisation was Angkor Thom, "the Great Royal City", a couple of miles north of Angkor Wat. It was founded at the beginning of the 13th century by perhaps the most brilliant of the Angkorian kings, Jayavarman VII. When the empire seemed at the point of collapse, he rallied the populace against assorted invaders and succeeded in carrying Khmer power and civilisation to the far corners of peninsular south-east Asia.

Jayavarman's capital, housing perhaps a million people, was filled with temples, criss-crossed by canals and surrounded by a moat bridged by five causeways. Even in the late 1290s, Angkor Thom's twilight years as a living city, an emissary from the Chinese court came away dazzled. "These people know how a prince should be treated," wrote envoy Chou Ta-kuan, observing rituals in the vast audience hall of the palace and women carrying the king in a golden palanquin along the royal plaza to the rustle of silks, the blare of conch horns and the shimmer of lances.

The palace, constructed of wood, has now vanished and tall grass sways over the royal plaza. At sunset an old peasant woman comes to wash vegetables in the king's bathing pool. But at the centre of Angkor Thom still stands its Buddhist temple, the Bayon, which French archaeologist Bernard Philippe Groslier called "the most amazing piece of architecture in existence". If Angkor



A guard, above, at Preah Khan ("Sacred Sword"), a Buddhist temple 3 miles north of Angkor Wat. It was built to honour the memory of King Jayavarman VII's father. A detail, right, from the south gate of Angkor Thom, a fortified royal city which covers 4 square miles. Each of the city's main entrances, flanked by giant three-headed stone elephants, is decorated with the face of Lokeshvara, an incarnation of Buddha, who delayed his entry into heaven to perform good deeds on earth. The faces are also said to be a likeness of Jayavarman himself.





Aspects of the Elephant Terrace, above and right, part of Phimeanakas (the "Celestial Palace"), a temple in Angkor Thom. Phimeanakas was built in the 10th century and situated in the centre of a royal palace that no longer exists. From the terrace the king would review public ceremonies held in the palace's central square. The temple is designed to be a pyramidal representation of Mount Meru, home of the Hindu gods.



Wat inspires by its classical harmonies and sheer size, the Bayon evokes mystery and tenebrous emotions. The pyramid-like temple looks inward, like a meditator intent on shutting out the profane world. Its maze of brooding galleries, courtyards and chapels is surrounded by 54 towers, into each of which is carved a quartet of faces. The ineluctable smiles of these 216 portraits puzzle and disturb: do they reflect the serene smile of the Lord Buddha, or that of the world-weary Jayavarman VII surveying his own creations and foreseeing their decay?

The most romantic of Angkor's treasures is certainly Ta Phrom, which the French purposely left in its re-discovered state. Through a tottering gateway you enter an empire of jungle, stone and solitude. The massive roots of centuries-old trees burrow through the thickest vaulting; vines curl sensuously around stone goddesses like pythons in a

death crush. A disturbed bat brushes past, flapping out of a dark recess.

Although there is no risk of being trapped in a pit of vipers or coming across a tombful of hexed treasure, an encounter with Ta Phrom is, atmospherically, a cliché out of 19th-century tales of derring-do, or today's Indiana Jones films. Among these jumbled ruins, where only shafts of light penetrate to dapple the fallen leaves, it takes some imagination to see Ta Phrom as it once really was. Inscriptions describe a vibrant monastery-city, built by Jayavarman VII to the memory of his mother. It was populated by 18 high priests, 5,000 officials and attendants, and 615 bejewelled female dancers perfumed with sandalwood. Crowds jostled, the faithful prayed and the temple keepers grew rich from the daily offerings.

While some argue that Ta Phrom should be left as it lies, at Angkor Wat

hundreds of workers, supervised by Indian experts, are fighting the temple's deadly age-old enemies: burrowing fig trees and stagnant water; mosses, lichens and fungi which eat into its sandstone; and the large amounts of corrosive excreta from thousands of bats.

Since the Archaeological Survey of India began work six years ago, more than 70,000 square metres of stone have been cleaned and sealed against water intrusion. Thousands of building blocks that had tumbled down or been taken off the temple over the centuries have been put back in place as the result of complex detective work. New columns, beams and roof sections are being inserted where necessary.

The Indian effort has not been spared criticism. The objections include alleged use of cleaning chemicals that are too powerful, possibly toxic, and which strip away the hoary patina that encrusts Angkor's stonework. The cleaning, done by poorly trained labourers, is reportedly too rough. Defending their work, the Indians say all chemicals used meet internationally accepted standards and that rather than destroying Angkor's atmosphere, the workers are restoring it to its original hues.

Angkor Wat is only one of numerous monuments in need of urgent care. Aid may be forthcoming under a master plan of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation (Unesco), which has led international campaigns to save the Pyramids, the Acropolis and Java's Borobudur monument. Projected for Angkor is an effort costing up to US\$100 million and lasting as long as 20 years. It will not be easy. The Angkor region must be cleared of mines, the temples guarded against thieves and funds raised across the world for actual restoration work.

The American archaeologist Richard Engelhardt, who heads Unesco's Cambodia operation, is concerned that foreign donors may "adopt" temples without supporting the overall restoration plan. It may also be a race, he says, between laying down a sound infrastructure and rampant tourism development. "We want to encourage cultural tourism here, whereby people come to learn about Angkor, rather than Disneyland-type mass tourism that would be more destructive than anything."

But in the international community there has also surfaced a passionate commitment to heal the wounds of Angkor as well as the rest of Cambodia. "We feel that by restoring Angkor we shall be restoring the very heart of the Cambodian people; it's the engine that pulls the train," says Engelhardt. "Angkor has suffered enough." □

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THE ENGLISH JEWELLERS

A collage of three images. On the left, a large steamship with two funnels is on the water. In the center, a couple is shown from the waist up, embracing. On the right, a man in a suit holds a sign that reads "SINGLES & DIVORCES".

The *Quaker City's* first ports of call were in the Mediterranean, and in a Marseilles café Twain and some thirsty friends began to try their hand at French. They met with a reception not unknown today. "Avez-vous du vin?" asked one of the men. The aged waitress looked puzzled. Again: "Avez-vous du vin?" She looked even more bewildered. Twain told his friend: "There is a flaw in

From Versailles the group travelled by rail to Paris, where "occasionally, merely for the pleasure of being cruel, we put unoffending Frenchmen on the rack with questions framed in the incomprehensible jargon of their native language". There were visits to the great tourist sights, but also to the Morgue; surprising as it may seem today, this was often included in 19th-century tours. A more lively Paris attraction Twain and his companions visited was a public garden in the suburb of Asnières, similar to a modern amusement park, with entertainments and colourful displays.

SS Quaker City, shown left, took Mark Twain, far left and Thimble passengers across the Atlantic on a pioneering American package tour in Europe. In Paris they visited cultural landmarks, such as the Louvre, main picture, but also enjoyed lighter moments in cafes, below, and an amusement park in Asnières, where Twain and Blodgett, above, performed unscripted feats on the tightrope, and had his first glimpse of the showgirls Can-can night.



The famous tightrope walker Charles Blondin put on a tremendous performance that finished with his walking on a tightrope with a mass of fireworks strapped to his body. (His other feats included crossing the Niagara Falls blindfolded and pushing a wheelbarrow.)

In this garden Twain fell into an embarrassing situation that can still catch out modern tourists. Struck by the beauty of a girl in front of him, he said to a friend: "Dan, just look at this girl, how beautiful she is!" However, the girl understood English; she turned and said: "I thank you more for the evident sincerity of the compliment, sir, than for the extraordinary publicity!" Twain and his friend escaped from their embarrassment into the dance hall, built as a domed temple. On a circular platform surrounding a drinking saloon ("they were dancing the renowned 'Can-can' . . . Twenty sets formed, the music struck up, and then—I placed my hands before my face for very shame. But I looked through my fingers.")

After dutiful visits to the Louvre, the Cathedral of Notre-Dame and the royal tombs in the Basilica of St-Denis, Twain and his friends were exhausted and called in at a café whose sign boasted: "All Manner of American Drinks Artistically Prepared Here". When one of the party asked for "a whisky-straight" the waiter only stared. "Well," the man continued, "if you don't know what that is, give us a champagne cock-tail." The

waiter stared and shrugged. "Well, then, give us a sherry cobbler. . . Give us a brandy smash!" At this the waiter hacked off, somewhat terrified, and Twain remarked: "The uneducated foreigner could not even furnish a Santa Cruz Punch, an Eye-Opener, a Stone-Fence, or an Earthquake. It was plain that he was a wicked impostor."

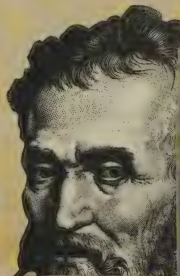
The tourists moved on to Genoa and Milan, where the cathedral made a deep impression on Twain: "A very world of solid weight, and yet it seems in the soft moonlight only a fairy delusion of frost-work that might vanish with a breath!" He also visited the Ambrosian Library, where he saw drawings by Leonardo da Vinci. "They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce."

One of the joys of Twain's book is his frank refusal to express uncritical worship of every work of art. While in Milan, da Vinci's mural *The Last Supper* caused him to ponder: "People come here from all parts of the world, and glorify this masterpiece. They stand entranced before it . . . and when they speak, it is only in the catchy ejaculations of rapture: 'O, wonderful!' 'Such grace of attitude!' . . . I only envy these people: I envy them their honest admiration, if it be honest—their delight, if they feel delight. I harbor no animosity toward any of them. But at the same time the thought will intrude itself upon me, How can they see what is not visible? . . . I

envy me to hear people talk so glibly of 'feeling,' 'expression,' 'tone,' and those easily acquired and inexpensive technicalities of art that make such a fine show in conversations concerning pictures."

A jaunt to Lake Como preceded the

"I NEVER
FELT SO THANKFUL
AS I DID
YESTERDAY WHEN
I LEARNED
MICHAEL ANGIO
WAS DEAD."



trip's European highlight—Venice. The city, with the "crumbling grandeur of wharves and palaces about her [sat] among her stagnant lagoons, forlorn and beggared, forgotten of the world"—a far cry from the Venice of today. It is easy to forget that the survival of Venice owes much to the wealth brought in by all the tourist groups that have followed those *Quaker City* pioneers. Then, as now, Venice sparkled at night. Moonlight adds a magical touch to most cities, but more so to Venice when it touches her palaces and churches set in their watery web. Lying in a gondola on the Grand Canal Twain contemplated a city where "fourteen centuries of greatness fling their glories about her, and once more is she the princeliest among the nations of the earth."

He struggled to acquire one Italian custom when coming across beautiful women: "We are gradually and laboriously learning the ill-manners of staring them unflinchingly in the face—not because such conduct is agreeable to

us, but because it is the custom of the country and they say the girls like it."

After Venice the *Quaker City* tourists went to Florence and dutifully "wandered through the endless collections of paintings and statues of the Pitti and Uffizi galleries". Twain, who had grown up on the Mississippi, was not impressed with the Arno: "It would be a very plausible river if they would pump some water into it. . . They even help out the delusion by building bridges over it. I do not see why they are too good to wade." From Florence and its treasures Twain passed on to Pisa, Rome and south to Naples; from there the party travelled on to the Holy Land.

Twain, like so many after him, collapsed with cultural exhaustion in Rome. He had seen so much in such a short time: "I used to worship the mighty genius of Michael Angelo," he wrote, "but I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner for tea—for supper—for between meals. I like a change, occasionally. In Genoa, he designed every thing; in Milan he or his pupils designed every thing. . . He designed St Peter's; he designed the Pope; he designed the Pantheon, the uniform of the Pope's soldiers, the Tiber,

the Vatican, the Colosseum. . . I never felt so fervently thankful. . . as I did yesterday when I learned that Michael Angelo was dead." Twain also grew tired of local tour guides and, speaking for all those tourists who have followed him, exploded: "They know their story by heart. . . and tell it as a parrot would and if you interrupt, and throw them off the rack, they have to go back and begin over again."

Once he had time to reflect on all he had seen, Twain realised that his tour had given him much to think about. He saw what it was that Europe had to offer and he summed it up in one word: comfort. "In America, we hurry—which is well; but when the day's work is done, we go on thinking of losses and gains, we plan for the morrow, we even carry our business cares to bed with us. . . I do envy these Europeans the comfort they take. When the work of the day is done, they forget it. Some of them go. . . to a beer hall, and sit quietly and genteelly drinking. . . others assemble in the great ornamental squares in the early evening to enjoy the sight and the fragrance of flowers and to hear the military bands play." He found, as others have found since, that "Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry and narrow-mindedness. . . Broad, wholesome, charitable views of men and things can not be acquired by vegetating in one little corner of the earth all one's lifetime." □

MAIN PICTURE: MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

The town's European highlight was Venice, main picture. In Milan Twain was mesmerised by seeing for Leonardo da Vinci's *The Last Supper*, above.

From left to right, the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Pope, St Peter's, the Swiss Guard—all Michelangelo's work, claimed Twain's guides.

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TENDER IS THE NUT

Nutritious and versatile, nuts have been valued since biblical times, writes Polly Tyrer



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER STOWELL

Nuts are full of personality. On the one hand they provide the earthy taste of autumn cob nuts and, on the other, the sight of clusters of coconuts draped above south-seas lagoons. Their shapes, sizes and flavours are equally diverse. Nuts are the edible kernel or seed of fruit. They are encased in a hard shell and are also highly nutritious—rich in proteins, vitamins, minerals and fibre.

With the exception of the coconut, nuts contain a high percentage of poly- and mono-unsaturated fats, which are low in cholesterol. This is good for the heart, although the high fat content is also very calorific. Nuts in the shell should feel heavy for their size, indicating that they are fresh and moist. They quickly turn rancid because of their fat content, especially once they have been shelled. It is best to buy nuts, either shelled or unshelled, in small quantities, from a shop with a high turnover. Store them in a dry, airtight container in a cool place away from the light and use them up quickly. Nuts can be bought flaked, slivered, chopped and ground. Although this is convenient, nuts that one chops or slices oneself are noticeably better. Take care not to over-mix when grinding them or when making pastry with ground nuts

as the oil will be drawn from the nuts and will consequently spoil the mixture.

The versatility of nuts in cooking is boundless—sweets, savouries, snacks, flours, butters and nut milks. Most nuts are interchangeable in recipes and, though affecting the flavour, will not interfere with the success of the dish. The exceptions are coconut and chestnut, which require individual treatment.

Roasting enhances the flavour about 10 minutes at 200°C/400°F/gas mark 6 will do. Nuts can also be browned under the grill but watch them carefully for they brown quickly and will taste bitter if allowed to burn. Home-made nut butters ring the changes on the familiar peanut butter. Grind nuts in a food processor and add one or two spoonfuls of peanut or sunflower oil to blend to a smooth or crunchy paste. Almonds, brazils, hazel and cashew nuts are suitable. All will keep, refrigerated, for two to three months.

Coconut milk is not, as you would think, the liquid inside the coconut—this is the “juice”. Coconut milk is made by pouring boiling water on to ground coconut and squeezing it through a sieve. It should infuse for about 10 minutes. The same can be done with ground almonds. The nutty-flavoured liquid is used in soups, casseroles, cakes and desserts.

Nuts—notably almonds and cashews—can be quickly spiced up to accompany cocktails. Briskly fry them in nut oil then toss them with a pinch of paprika and some tomato purée; with sugar and cumin or salt; or with black pepper and chilli. Drain well on absorbent paper and serve warm or cold.

An innovation of the 1980s has been nut oils. Their intense flavours are spoiled by heating to deep-frying temperatures so they are generally used for salad dressings. Indeed, they taste so good that a little of one dribbled over a salad is sufficient on its own. Walnut or hazelnut oil is often used in “warm salads” where duck livers, bacon or wild mushrooms are lightly fried in the oil before being tossed through mixed salad leaves. Try using fresh, delicate almond oil to brush cake or meringue tins or for grilling chicken or fish. The newcomer, pistachio oil, is best for cold dressings.

Walnut oil, which has been produced for many years, was at one time used only for cosmetics and for polishing wood particularly Stradivarius violins. Coconut oil has a good flavour but is high in saturated fat. Peanut, also known as arachis oil, has a high smoking point and neutral flavour. Only cold-pressed peanut oil has the full, nutty flavour and this will be indicated by the high price.

A GUIDE TO THE VERSATILITY OF NUTS

ALMONDS

Green almonds sold locally in the Mediterranean region are milky in flavour. In the shell the nuts are either sweet or bitter. Sweet almonds can be bought shelled, blanched, slivered, chopped, flaked and ground. In this last guise they can be used to thicken sauces and moisten cakes. Bitter almonds taste rather like apricot kernels, the taste being produced by hydrocyanic acid, a toxin which evaporates upon heating. They are rarely used for cooking but for essences, oils and cosmetics.

BRAZIL NUTS

These natives of South America have a sweet, buttery flavour. They grow in a large coconut-type shell, within which the nuts are wedged in segments. Brazil nuts have a high fat content, which includes a high percentage of saturated fat, so shelled nuts do not keep well.

CASHEW NUTS

These are appendages of cashew apples—pear-shaped swellings beneath which the nuts hang. As two layers of shell are



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interleaved with a caustic substance, the nuts are roasted, shelled and reheated before selling. Cashews can be used to accompany drinks, in stir-fries or in salads, but soften on baking so are less suitable for cakes.

CHESTNUTS

The fruit of the sweet chestnut, unlike that of the horse chestnut, is edible. The prickly green husks grow in groups of two or three. Improved cultivated varieties with a single nut are known in France as *marrons*. The nut is low in oil and high in starch. Chestnuts are made into flour that can be used for baking; they are sold dried, canned or as purée—sweetened or natural—or vacuum packed. The dried version is useful in savoury dishes. Peeling is a chore but worth the effort for the taste of fresh chestnut is unbeatable. Cut a deep cross in the top of each nut, cover them with water and simmer for five minutes—the skin comes away easily while they are still hot. Peel them as soon as they are cool enough to handle, and bring those that have cooled back to the boil.

COCONUT

The bountiful coconut palm provides not only a nutritious fruit but materials for matting, cosmetics and arrack. Fresh coconuts feel heavy, the juice can be heard inside and the “eyes” will be dry. To open, pierce the eyes and drain out the juice then whack the shell with a hammer to split it open. The fresh flesh can be grated and added to cakes, fruit salad and meat dishes, particularly the mild aromatic curries of Thailand. The compressed flesh is made into blocks of coconut cream. This can be dissolved in boiling water and used as coconut milk or may be added neat to casseroles at the end of cooking when it acts as a thickening and flavouring agent.

HAZELNUTS

Also known as cob nuts or filberts, these need to be skinned for cakes, desserts and nut butter. Toast the shelled nuts in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Rub them in a tea-towel until the papery brown skin comes away. Cool before using. Delicious for cakes, meringues, pastries or, fried, with trout.

MACADAMIA NUTS

The richest and most expensive nuts of all, these Australian natives are now synonymous with the Hawaiian islands. The hard shell tends to mildew so the nuts are usually sold ready-shelled and

roasted in coconut oil. Macadamia nuts have a delicate, sweet flavour and can be used for snacks and stir-fries.

PEANUTS

Actually a legume, like peas, peanuts are always used in their basic form. Known also as the groundnut, arachis nut or monkey nut, the highly nutritious peanut is the least costly of all the nuts. It can be used in stews, nut loaves, biscuits and is particularly delicious with chocolate.

PECAN NUTS

Once the diet of native American Indians, pecans, gathered from a species of hickory tree, were later used for soups, stews and puddings—pecan pie and pecan nut ice-cream having become traditional all-American desserts. Within their smooth, shiny shells, pecans look like sophisticated walnuts, similar in shape, with a smooth, mild flavour.

PINE NUTS

Found inside the cones of the stone pine. They have dusty, hard shells and are associated with Mediterranean cooking. The nuts, rich, waxy and quick to burn, are surprisingly filling and can be almost sickly if used heavily-handedly. Pine nuts are an essential ingredient of pesto sauce but a handful can also be tossed into almost anything—casseroles, vegetables, and green or fresh fruit salads.

PISTACHIO NUTS

Noted for the lovely pale green colour of their kernels and for their delicate flavour. Pistachios are eaten salted, as a cocktail snack, or may be used to stud pâtés or sausages, such as mortadella, and to flavour desserts, especially ice-cream. Remove the thin reddish skin by blanching briefly, then dry in a warm oven.

TIGER NUTS

Chufa or tiger nuts are small, brown and knobbly with an almond flavour. In the Mediterranean, particularly in Spain, they are sold from stalls to nibble in the street and are pressed to make a sweet milky drink called Horchata.

WALNUTS

With their distinctive, bitter-sweet flavour, walnuts are good in cakes, desserts and salads. Always use fresh walnuts because just a single musty-tasting one is enough to taint a whole cake. Black walnuts and whole green walnuts are used for pickling.

GUINEA FOWL AND CHESTNUT CASSEROLE

2 guinea fowl

For the marinade

1 small onion, sliced

1 carrot, sliced

1 stick celery, sliced

6 juniper berries

2 whole allspice, slightly crushed

1 bay leaf

6 peppercorns

$\frac{1}{2}$ pt/300ml red wine

For the casserole

2 rashers streaky bacon, diced

6oz/150g button onions, peeled

4oz/100g button mushrooms

$\frac{1}{2}$ pt/300ml chicken stock

1oz/25g butter

1oz/25g flour

rind and juice of 1 orange

2 tsp redcurrant jelly

6oz/150g cooked whole chestnuts

The day before cut the guinea fowl into joints as you would a chicken. Mix the marinade ingredients together in a large bowl, add the guinea fowl, cover and refrigerate overnight.

The following day lift the guinea fowl out of the marinade and set the oven to 180°C/350°F/gas mark 4. Briskly fry the joints in a heavy-based frying-pan until well browned. Spoon them into a casserole dish. In the same frying-pan brown the bacon, button onions and mushrooms. Put into the casserole with the guinea fowl. Pour a little of the stock into the pan and stir, scraping away the sediment from the bottom. Add to the casserole.

Melt the butter in the pan, add the flour and cook for one minute. Gradually pour on the remaining stock, marinade, add orange juice and rind. Stir until boiling and smooth. Add the redcurrant jelly and season with salt and black pepper. Pour over the casserole; simmer in the oven for 40 minutes. Skim the fat from the top of the casserole and stir in the chestnuts. Return to the oven for a further 10 minutes.

TAGLIATELLE WITH PRAWN AND PISTACHIO SAUCE

8oz/250g fresh tagliatelle

olive oil

$\frac{1}{2}$ pt/300ml double cream

rind and juice 1 lemon

3oz/75g shelled pistachio nuts

12oz/375g cooked, shelled prawns

1 tsp chopped mint

parmesan cheese to hand separately

Bring a large pan of water to the boil. Add a good pinch of salt and a dash of olive oil. Cook the tagliatelle in the water for about 10 minutes or until just tender.

Meanwhile, put the double cream into the pan with the

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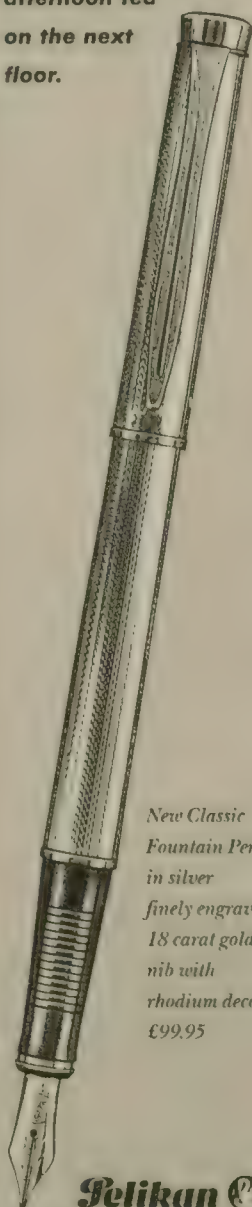
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lemon rind. Bring to the boil and simmer for 3 minutes. Cut the pistachio nuts in half lengthways. Stir in the lemon juice, prawns and pistachios. Season well with salt and pepper and heat through.

Drain the pasta and return to the pan. Pour over the prawn and pistachio sauce and the mint and mix. Serve immediately. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese.

THREE NUT MAYONNAISE

1oz/25g brazil nuts, shelled
1oz/25g cashew nuts
1oz/25g hazel nut kernels
½ pt/300ml mayonnaise
1 tbsp chopped chervil
lemon juice
freshly grated nutmeg
milk

Grind the nuts finely. Stir into the mayonnaise and mix well. Add the chervil and season with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Add milk to a soft dropping consistency.

Serve with hot asparagus or haricots verts, or on thickly sliced tomato. Delicious in sandwiches.

NUT ROAST WITH TOMATO, ORANGE AND CORIANDER SAUCE

1 large onion, finely chopped
2 tbsp olive oil
4oz/100g raw peanuts
4oz/100g cashew nuts
2oz/50g hazelnut kernels
2oz/50g shelled walnuts
1oz/25g pine nuts
1 tbsp chopped parsley
1 tbsp chopped chives
2oz/50g baby spinach washed, drained and roughly chopped
2 large eggs, beaten
salt, ground black pepper and nutmeg
1oz/25g parmesan cheese, grated
For the sauce
1 x 1lb/500g tin of tomatoes
grated rind and juice of 1 orange
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 tsp black treacle
1 tbsp fresh coriander leaves, chopped

Oil a 1lb/500g loaf tin. Fry the onion in the remaining oil until soft and lightly coloured. Cool.

Set the oven to 190°C/375°F/gas mark 5. Mix the nuts together. Grind half of them finely and half coarsely. Reserve a handful of the coarse nuts and put the rest together in a mixing bowl. Stir in the parsley, chives, spinach and beaten eggs and season well with plenty of salt, black pepper and ground nutmeg. Pile the mixture into the prepared tin. Mix together the reserved nuts and parmesan cheese and press onto the top of the nut roast. Bake in the oven for 30 minutes.

To make the sauce: put all the ingredients, except the coriander, together in a liquidiser or food



FIGS WITH PRALINE: A CONFECTION OF ALMONDS AND CREAM

processor and blend until smooth. Pour into a saucepan, season, and simmer for 20 minutes. Stir in the fresh coriander leaves. Allow the roast to cool a little: slice, and hand the hot sauce separately.

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT TART

For the pastry
4oz/100g plain flour
a good pinch mixed spice
2oz/50g butter
For the filling
2oz/50g macadamia nuts
2oz/50g blanched almonds
2oz/50g pecan nuts
3oz/75g unsalted butter
3oz/75g soft brown sugar
2 level tsp cornflour
3 tbsp double cream
Whipped cream or vanilla ice cream
for serving

Set the oven to 190°C/375°F/gas mark 5. To make the pastry: mix the flour and spice together and rub in the butter until the mixture looks like breadcrumbs. Bind with a little water to form a stiff but not dry dough. Roll out and use to line a 7-inch/18cm flan dish. Refrigerate for at least half an hour. Prick the base with a fork. Line the uncooked tart with tin foil which should be hooked over the edge of the dish to keep the sides upright. Bake for 15 minutes, remove the foil and bake for a further 10 minutes until light brown and crisp.

To make the filling: roughly chop the nuts and mix together. Combine butter and sugar in a pan and melt, stirring occasionally, until bubbling. Mix the cornflour with the cream to a smooth paste. Stir into the butter and sugar mixture and bring to the boil stirring all the time. Add the nuts and mix well. Spoon into the cooked flan case and cool before serving. Serves 6 to 8.

FIGS WITH PRALINE

1oz/25g whole, unblanched almonds
1oz/25g caster sugar
3oz/75g cream cheese
2 tbsp whipped cream
8 figs

Oil a small baking tray. Put the almonds and the caster sugar together in a heavy-based pan. Set over a low heat, shaking occasionally, until the sugar has melted to a golden caramel. Pour onto the oiled tray and leave until cold. Grind in a food processor or crush with a rolling-pin.

Beat the cream cheese until soft. Fold in the whipped cream and praline.

Cut a deep cross in the top of each fig and pull open to a "star" shape. Pile the praline mixture into the centre of the figs and serve straight away.

All recipes serve four unless otherwise stated □



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A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME

Over the past 150 years superb craftsmanship and a dedication to excellence have secured for the Swiss watchmakers Patek Philippe many illustrious customers.

In 1851 Queen Victoria paid a highly publicised visit to the Great Exhibition, housed in the Crystal Palace, in London's Hyde Park. Among the wares displayed by a small Swiss watchmaking firm a diamond-set pendant watch, enamelled in blue, caught her eye. She bought it and commissioned a repeater pocket watch for Prince Albert.

The queen could hardly have known it at the time, but she was starting a tradition that is still going strong in 1992. Following in the wake of her patronage, the watchmakers, Patek Philippe, were flooded with commissions from Europe's noble and wealthy families, including no fewer than 30 monarchs and three popes. Now, some three years after the company celebrated its 150th anniversary, a similar clientele still places orders for custom-made watches whose complexity and elaborate design can mean that months and sometimes years elapse before delivery can take place.

Ever since Antoine Norbert de Patek left his native Poland for Geneva and joined forces with a Frenchman, Adrien Philippe, their company has specialised in individually-designed, hand-made watches. Many are now museum pieces,



Just a few years after Antoine Norbert de Patek and Adrien Philippe joined forces, their perfectionist philosophy was rewarded when Queen Victoria fell for the charms of this diamond-set pendant watch at the 1851 Great Exhibition, in Hyde Park.

and nowhere are they more valued than in Patek Philippe's own collection formed of items that the company has been able to buy back. They include the first Swiss wrist-watch and "complicated" watches with calendars, moon phases and repeating mechanisms.

The company has noted the consistently record prices obtained in auctions by its watches, both ancient and modern. While this means that its own purchases grow ever more costly (in 1988 it paid more than £75,000 for a watch it had sold to the car magnate James Ward Packard in 1927 for \$16,000) it is also evidence that a timepiece by Patek Philippe is an investment in history.

Patek Philippe, the last family-owned watch company in Switzerland, is the only surviving firm that still uses craftsmen in all aspects of production. Among its 450 staff are designers, watchmakers, goldsmiths, chainsmiths, engravers, enamellers and jewellers. Only Patek Philippe still accepts orders for a hand-painted, miniature enamel caseback of the customer's choice, executed by one of Geneva's two remaining miniaturists. Clearly, the company has its eye on the museum pieces of tomorrow.



Albert Einstein was just 33 years old and teaching in Zurich when he commissioned his Patek Philippe watch in 1912: its elegant complexity and precision perhaps holding a special appeal for the mathematician.

Above left: the company might have found Einstein's skills useful when, New York collector Henry Graves Junior commissioned the world's most complicated watch in 1929: mathematical calculations for the 24-junction timepiece took three years. Above right: Plus ça change, plus ça change: the watch has recognised Patek Philippe's pre-eminence in matters temporal.



Despite its association with old-fashioned craftsmanship, Patek Philippe has a long-standing reputation for innovation, too. In 1868 it produced the first Swiss wrist-watch, above, for the Hungarian Countess Kosciewicz. A fellow intellectual, Maria Sklodowska, bought a daintily enamelled lady's watch, top right, before her work on radioactivity brought her to the world's attention as Marie Curie. Below left, this pocket watch was once owned by Tchaikovsky. It was made in 1877, the year in which the composer contracted his disastrous marriage and subsequently fled to Switzerland, where it may have caught his eye. It has a lever escapement, compensation balance wheel and quarter-repeater.




Charles-Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I, became the last emperor of France in 1852. Before long he felt the need for both a wife (he married Countess Eugénie de Montijo in January, 1853) and a good watch. Napoleon III's imperial timepiece, above, completed in 1854, bears an initial "N" on the 18-carat gold case.



Above, in 1910 a beautiful minute repeater hunter was ordered by Princess Yekaterina Dolgorukaya, with a portrait of her true love. The mild-looking man is the reformist but autocratic Tsar Alexander II, who was killed on the day he proclaimed Yekaterina his consort. Left, US tycoon James Ward Packard's elaborate watch incorporates a celestial chart of the night sky above his home town of Warren, Ohio, on the back.



A dramatic, low-key photograph featuring a glass of whisky in the upper left and a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label in the lower right. The bottle is tilted, and its label is clearly visible, showing the brand name and 'BLACK LABEL'. The background is dark, creating a sophisticated and moody atmosphere.

Ultimately, there's Black.

TRAVEL SECRETS

The home of traditional jazz offers a rich mixture of distinctive food, music and colonial architecture.

● **New Orleans** is a cluster of distinctively different neighbourhoods, each one like a town in itself. Their unique character, people and charm all interact to create a city that is pure excitement.

● **French Quarter.** A ride in a buggy, drawn by a mule festooned with ribbons, is the best way to see Jackson Square. At its centre is a statue of General Andrew Jackson, while around it are St Louis Cathedral and the Louisiana State Museum, comprising the 1850 House in the Pontalba Buildings (the oldest apartments in the country), the Cabildo (Spanish government house) and the Presbytère (a former court-house).

● **Colonial architecture.** From Jackson Square follow your nose past the rich smell of Cafe du Monde's chicory coffee and freshly deep-fried beignets (doughnuts) to the Ursuline Convent (French, 1734), at 1114 Chartres Street. For a reminder of Spanish colonial times, continue to the Bosque House (617 Chartres Street), with its wide, arched carriage-way opening on to a courtyard.

● **Music.** Traditional jazz at its very best, every evening from 8pm to midnight at Preservation Hall, 726 St Peter Street. Be prepared to queue: there is nothing like it. Or put on your dancin' shoes and second-line (a traditional march at jazz funerals, but now practised on other occasions) over to Mulate's (201 Julia Street) where Cajun and Creole food add spice to the Cajun music and dancing (staff will even teach you the steps).

● **Art and antiques shops.** Six of the best, mostly in galleries on Royal and Chartres streets: Animal Art, for animals in antiques, paintings, majolica, barbotine and Palissy ware; Animation Sensations (St Louis Street), animation and cartoon art; Dixon and Dixon, precious jewellery, fine antiques, paintings, Oriental rugs; Gallery for Fine Photography, subjects include American, French, North American Indian and Civil



Cruising down the mighty Mississippi river by paddle-steamer.

War; the Rodrigue Gallery, which features paintings by internationally acclaimed Louisiana artist George Rodrigue; Rothschild's, fine antiques, mirrors, chandeliers, porcelains, Georgian silver and special collection of estate jewellery. Before venturing farther, stop off at Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop (941 Bourbon Street)—allegedly once a front for pirate Jean Lafitte's slave smuggling trade—with its preserved exterior of 1772.

● **French market.** America's oldest city market, in lovingly restored buildings lined by walkways. Great for food, overflowing with Creole tomatoes, mirlitons, strawberries, spices. Retains much the same atmosphere as when Choctaw Indians first bartered their herbs and roots here. Don't miss Aunt Sally's Old Fashioned Candy Shop, (810 Decatur Street) with its in-store kitchen where you can watch Creole pralines being made and then sample them warm. It also sells cookbooks, gifts and wonderful folk dolls.

● **Food.** Crawfish étouffée, Creole gumbo, jambalaya—New Orleans stands for fantastic fare. Restaurants not to be missed range from the elegant Grill Room at the Windsor Court Hotel (300 Gravier Street), where chef Kevin Graham's cross-cultural cuisine has won a string of top awards, to Galatoire's (209 Bourbon Street), for Creole specialties, and Mr B's (201 Royal Street), for hickory-grilled meats, jambalaya and gumbo ya-ya.

● **Museums.** The French Quarter holds the key to much of Louisiana's past. There is a wealth of Civil War memorabilia in the 1890 Confederate Museum; Gallier House, dating from 1857, is furnished in authentic period detail (1118 Royal Street). Be sure to visit the Hermann-Grima House (820 St Louis Street), one of the best examples of American influence on New Orleans architecture. This mansion,



NEW ORLEANS

ILLUSTRATIONS: NEW ORLEANS A-Z BY SARAH SCHULTE



The city's carnival season is from January to Shrove Tuesday.

dating from 1831, has slave quarters, a stable and beautiful courtyards. Creole cooking demonstrations every Thursday, from October to the end of May. The Pharmacy Museum (514 Chartres Street) was where America's first licensed pharmacist, Louis Joseph Dufilho Junior, set up shop in 1823. Today it contains a fascinating collection of apothecary jars filled with strange potions.

- **Voodoo.** Black magic brought to the city by slaves from Africa and the West Indies. Renowned practitioner Marie Laveau is said to be buried in St Louis No 1 Cemetery. Visit her grave armed with a "gris-gris" (charm) to ward off evil—and only go on a group tour, for safety reasons. New Orleans Historic Voodoo Museum (724 Dumaine Street) offers spellbinding exhibits and tours of voodoo sites. Musée Conti Wax Museum (917 Conti Street) is full of wax figures and stages a voodoo love ritual dance on Friday nights.

- **Contemporary Art Center.** Nestles in the newly-restored Warehouse District, now full of chic cafés and galleries. Hosts lively exhibitions and performances.

- **Garden District.** Neighbourhood along St Charles Avenue, settled by Americans at the time of the Louisiana Purchase (1803), containing lavish homes with large gardens. Many of these mid-19th century houses are built in Greek revival style. They are best seen from the world's oldest operating streetcar line, the St Charles. Toby's Corner (2340 Prytania Street), a Louisiana raised cottage, is the oldest house in the district. An Italianate villa stands behind an intricate cast-iron fence at 1448 Fourth Street.

- **Uptown.** The streetcar also passes through the Uptown district, full of spectacular homes. Among the oldest are the Orleans Club and the Italianate Palacio

House (both in St Charles Avenue). Closer to the river are shotgun houses (so called because one bullet could pass through all the rooms). Magazine Street is tops for shops: As You Like It for silver tea services, mint-julep cups, unusual antiques; and HBS, an adventure through 18th-century France. Enjoy superb coffee, home-made pastries and cakes at PJ's Coffee Shop, busy from 7am to midnight. Or cool down with a local remedy for the heat: a New Orleans snowball—crushed ice doused in fruit juice or a host of different flavours, sweetened with cane sugar juices. Head for Williams Plum Street Snowball Stand (corner of Burdette and Plum streets).

- **Cemeteries.** New Orleans is below sea-level and must bury its deceased above the waterlogged earth in "cities of the dead"—rows of house-like tombs separated by little "streets" and fences. Lafayette Cemetery, on Washington Avenue, is the one to see.

- **Bucktown.** Out towards Lake Pontchartrain, where fishing boats dock. Listen for those N'Awlins accents! Wear blue jeans or shorts to Sid-Mar's, the fishermen's favourite restaurant. Order local Abita beer and a plate of spicy, hot crawfish—finger-lickin' good. Down the street is ultra-popular, recently enlarged R&O's, run by a fourth generation Italian family offering indigenous New Orleans fare with an Italian twist: shrimp salad, stuffed artichokes and soft-shell crab po-boys (huge sandwiches, usually in French bread, once served to slaves—poor boys—on plantations). Mmm, good!

- **Animal kingdoms.** Aquarium of the Americas, a newly-built premier attraction, offers spectacular views of the mighty Mississippi. Audubon Zoo: one of the USA's top zoos, with 1,500 animals, including rare and endangered species, such as white tigers and white alligators, reared in natural environments.

- **Long Vue House and Gardens** (7 Bamboo Road). Greek revival mansion with original 18th-century furnishings in beautiful grounds, once the home of cotton-broker and philanthropist Edgar Bloom Stern.

- **Riverfront plantations.** Down where the Cajun accents are strong, the local favourites are San Francisco, blending Victorian, Classical and Gothic styles and reminiscent of an ornate 19th-century Mississippi steamboat; Houmas House, an exquisite, white-pillared mansion standing amid moss-draped oaks and huge magnolias; and the lesser known Bocage, a two-storey house with a front gallery supported by square pillars.

- **Water tours.** Paddlewheeler *Creole Queen* (from Canal Street Dock) and steamboat *Natchez* (from Jackson Brewery) for cruises throughout the day, plus evening jazz and Creole dinner tours. Cypress Swamp Tours (from Bayou Segnette) to the heart of Cajun country. Also hunting and fishing trips.

□ Compiled by Simone Rathlé-Enelow



BEFORE YOU READ ALL THIS POUR YOURSELF A GIN.

THIS isn't exactly the shortest advertisement in the world, but if you're a gin drinker you could well find it of interest.

So pour yourself a glass of your favourite gin, settle back and allow us a few minutes discourse on our gin and, indeed, yours.

Ours is called Bombay Sapphire.

Obviously we don't know the name of your brand but we know there will be some significant differences between the two.

Could we start by asking you to take a sip of your gin?

(Silly question, we know.)

How would you describe the taste?

The word "fragrant" probably comes to mind because gin is basically grain spirit flavoured with fragrant natural ingredients called 'botanicals'.

If you are drinking a – how shall we put it? – less expensive brand it will probably be flavoured with Juniper and perhaps two or three other botanicals.

Though many find it most agreeable others, however, regard the flavour as rather harsh, with the Juniper being overly dominant.

These people, and you may well be amongst them, prefer one of the well-known premium gins.

These tend to use four or maybe five different botanicals to give a rounder nose and a fresher more piquant taste.

They are likely to be *Juniper Berries*, *Coriander Seeds*, *Angelica* and *Lemon or Orange Peel*.

Now for our first little surprise. Bombay Sapphire is distilled with

no less than ten botanicals.

(How's your gin tasting now?)

In addition to those listed we also include *Orris Root* from Tuscany. *Liquorice* from China. *Almonds* from Spain. *Cassia Bark* from Indo-China. *Cubeb Berries* from Java. And, from West Africa, the exquisitely named *Grains of Paradise*.

However, a large number of botanicals will not alone guarantee a superior gin.

The real secret of Bombay Sapphire is the way in which the chosen botanicals combine and contrast to achieve a greater subtlety of aroma and clarity of taste.

And it is this noticeably better balance of flavour that comes as something of a revelation to many devotees of gin.

Equally, no compromises are made when it comes to our choice of grain spirit. We use only 100% grain neutral spirit from Scotland.

(How's your gin. Still tasting OK?)

Now, if we may, we'll turn to the way your gin is distilled.

Basically, the botanicals are added to grain spirit in a still, and the whole mixture is boiled up to distil it.

Bombay Sapphire employs a different method altogether.

Rather than mixing the botanicals with the grain spirit, ours are housed in a separate perforated copper basket above the still.

This difference is crucial.

It means that the spirit is distilled alone, so it is already in vapour form when it first comes into contact with the botanicals.

Thus, the spirit vapour slowly percolates through the botanicals and so absorbs the delicate aroma of each.

It is a method that is unique throughout the world, imparting a balance of subtle flavours that is unparalleled in any other gin.

(Including, dare we say it, the one you're drinking.)

The next stage is for the gin to be blended with water to reduce it to the correct alcoholic proof.

Even here Bombay Sapphire may well differ from your gin.

A certain best-selling gin has announced that it will be reducing its proof to 37½% across Europe. We are delighted to report that Bombay Sapphire will never be less than 40%, because that is what the discerning customer wants.

By now you will doubtless realise that the way we produce our gin is hardly the most cost efficient.

With this in mind, can we turn briefly to the ticklish subject of Bombay Sapphire's price?

On this matter, we admit defeat. Your gin will be somewhat cheaper than ours.

Whether Bombay Sapphire is worth the extra is not for us to say, but it is for you to judge.

In closing, we should add that the intention of this advertisement has not been to criticise your favourite gin.

We merely wanted to make you aware of another brand which could, quite possibly, be even more to your liking.

Cheers.

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 **ORIENT-EXPRESS HOTELS**

GETTING TO KNOW THE MAYA

The study of the ancient Maya civilisation of Central America has entered an exciting new phase in which field archaeology, decipherment and art-historical studies are combining to enrich our understanding, writes Elizabeth Carmichael.

One of the great excitements available through modern travel is to fly into the heart of the Maya area, to a site such as Tikal, in Guatemala, and see below the remains of great temples rising from the blanket of green forest.

In 1843, when *The Illustrated London News* published its first account of "Extinct Cities of Central America", the intrepid few who journeyed on mule, horse and on foot into the heart of the forests of the Petén or Chiapas had to suffer great physical difficulties, though the rewards were great—they were among the first Europeans or North Americans to see the decayed but still grand and powerful buildings and sculptures of the ancient Maya.

The report's author noted: "Once . . . this beautiful country was the seat of a mighty empire, greatly advanced in the arts and elegancies of life, possessed of a system of religion and a written language of its own, governed by independent kings, and having at command vast military power and civilised resources. All that now remains of them are the perishing temples, palaces, idols, and altars of the 'high places' and a few dispirited Indians, their lineal descendants . . . The palaces are built on the same princely scale as those peculiar to the 'land of Egypt', but are of an order and style of decoration exclusively their own, and unlike the architecture of any other country."

Some important records of Maya ruins already existed but shortly before the *ILN* article appeared there had been published a book generally considered to mark the first phase of modern Maya archaeology. This was the work of the American traveller John Lloyd Stephens. His *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatán* appeared in New York in 1841 and was followed in 1843 by the



Incidents of Travel in Yucatán. These two books, accounts of journeys between 1839 and 1841, were the first to present accurate descriptions of Maya sites and, in the illustrations made by his English travelling companion, Frederick Catherwood, the first to give reliable depictions of Maya architecture and sculpture.

As long ago as 1566 the Spaniard Diego de Landa had been astonished by the number and magnificence of Maya remains. He recognised that the builders of these ancient structures were

land. Like de Landa, Stephens discussed the wilder theories about the origins of Maya civilisation before concluding that there was no need to look beyond the Americas, nor too far back in time, to discover the builders of the monuments.

Many travellers and scholars were to follow Stephens and Catherwood, each making a contribution to knowledge of Maya remains. Theories on Maya history abounded. As late as 1927 G. Elliott Smith, in seeking to prove contact between Old World civilisations and those of Central America, reverted to the belief of Jean Frédéric de Waldeck (author of *Voyage pittoresque et archéologique dans . . . Yucatán*, 1838, which had inspired the travels of Stephens and Catherwood) that there were representations of elephants at the sites of Palenque and Uxmal. The figures he described depicted *chacs*, or rain gods. Smith was rounded on by Alfred Percival Maudslay, an English authority on the Maya.

No one had a better right to make such a repudiation: Maudslay (1850-1931) had spent many seasons in Mexico and Guatemala between 1881 and 1894. He cleared bush and forest, and made fine photographs, drawings and plans, plus full and accurate descriptions of many of the known major sites: Palenque, Yaxchilán, Quiriguá, Chichén Itza, Copán, Tikal. He also carried to the often extraordinarily remote sites many tons of plaster for making casts. This remarkable undertaking has stood Maya scholarship in good stead. Maudslay's principal draughtswoman was the devoted Annie Hunter, who worked from his sketches, notes and photographs, and produced the fine drawings of hieroglyphic inscriptions published with Maudslay's accounts as an archaeological

The majestic Temple 1, at Tikal, in Guatemala, dominates its surroundings. On the left is the row of commemorative stelae and altars that lead to the steps that in turn climb to the North Acropolis area.

autochthonous, casting aside theories already current in the 16th century that the buildings were erected by men from Atlantis or of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel rather than the ancestors of Indians who still peopled the

appendix to *Biologia Centrali-americana*, by E. Du Cane Goodman and Osbert Salvin. Alfred Maudslay's casts are in the British Museum, in London, and the Peabody Museum, Harvard. Two, of stelae from the site of Copán, in Honduras, are displayed in London's Museum of Mankind.

Teobert Maler, a German-born, naturalised Austrian, was another intrepid traveller and Maudslay's equal as a photographer. Maler was able to discover major centres such as Piedras Negras, Altar de Sacrificios, Seibal and Naranjo.

By the early decades of the 20th century several academic institutions were involved in Maya archaeology and the study of hieroglyphic inscriptions. The Peabody Museum had conducted excavations at Copán begun in the 1890s and was succeeded by the archaeologist Sylvanus G. Morley, who was working under the Carnegie Institution, of Washington. Morley published in 1920 *The Inscriptions at Copán*, a massive and still important work.

All the discoveries, developments, archaeological reports and syntheses now become too numerous to mention. Fortunately, there are some excellent accounts of the history of Maya archaeology that can be consulted. Much of the late Sir Eric Thompson's study was devoted to deciphering Maya hieroglyphic inscriptions, but he was equally an interpreter of Maya history and religion.

A major shift of interest from the archaeology of solely the major architectural complexes was pioneered in the Maya area by Professor Gordon Willey, of Harvard. Many new techniques were available for extracting and analysing data. Among these were improved methods of studying settlement patterns in areas that were surrounding the centres of sites where the major architectural and sculptural remains were concentrated.

Willey's work in the Maya area established the value of studying all the evidence of human occupation at sites, not only the monumental remains at their centres. This shift from studying exclusively the élite of Maya society has profoundly changed our knowledge. The great ceremonial centres were supported by larger populations than had hitherto been imagined and farming methods were found to be more sophisticated and extensive than had been previously thought.

Other long-held views of the



The Temple of the Warriors, at Chichén Itzá, Yucatán, was built at a time when there was evidence of Toltec (central Mexican) influence. The reclining human figure is holding a shallow dish on which various offerings could be placed. An enigmatic portrait mask of jade, left, circa AD 600-800, is late-classic Maya; it was discovered at Comayagua, in Honduras.

pacific people: too much is now understood of the fortifications at a number of their sites. Advances in deciphering Maya hieroglyphs have also helped shatter this view. The recognition of emblem glyphs, signs specifically associated with Maya centres or particular Maya dynasties, was the work of Heinrich Berlin in the late 1950s. Further work by the late Tatiana Proskouriakoff, of the Peabody Museum, established that the figures depicted on stelae were, beyond doubt, dynastic effigies. John Lloyd Stephens's prediction that these were portraits of rulers was confirmed. For several major sites the dynastic successions are now settled history.

The deciphering of Maya hieroglyphs has proceeded rapidly. Since the end of the 19th century, and predominantly because of Ernst Förstemann, the mathematical and calendrical inscriptions have been well understood. Reckoning time was fundamentally important to their society and deciphering dates on monuments gave a framework for the chronology of Maya history.

Deciphering all other glyphs was a slow process and the "reading" of non-calendric inscriptions remained stubbornly elusive until recent years. In the early 1950s the Russian scholar Yuri Knorozov re-examined a phonetic approach to decipherment that had long been rejected. Berlin, Proskouriakoff and Thompson did not accept Knorozov's proposal that Maya writing employed a mixed system of full word signs and signs with phonetic values, but other scholars were less resistant.

A stupendous undertaking by the British Mayanist Ian Graham has been to record and publish, using modern techniques of drawing and photography, all known Maya inscriptions. The volumes of his *Corpus of Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* that so far have appeared are the modern bible for epigraphers.

We are then in an exciting period of Maya research when field archaeology, decipherment and art-historical studies are combining to enrich our understanding. An exemplar perhaps of how all such efforts can be brought together might be the work currently under way at Copán. In a recently published monograph in which the multi-disciplinary projects of the last 17 years or so are summarised, William L. Fash's *Scribes, Warriors and Kings* (1991) describes how several archaeological approaches can now be usefully integrated to arrive at the best possible understanding of a major settlement.

The Maya are not dead and gone. They live on in southern Mexico, the Yucatán, Belize, Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador. At the time of the Spanish Conquest there were at least 30 or so recorded Maya languages, most of them still spoken. Culturally there is great diversity among the modern Maya, as there was in ancient times, each region having its characteristic human adaptation to the local environment and yet retaining that commonality of beliefs and customs that distinguishes the Maya regions from the rest of Mesoamerica □

ILN TOUR OF CUBA

FEBRUARY 15-MARCH 1, 1993



The 17th-century Havana Cathedral.



Castillo del Morro, Santiago de Cuba.

Following the collapse of Communism and the drying up of financial support from Soviet Russia a rare opportunity has now arisen to explore the compelling and starkly beautiful Caribbean island of Cuba. Its extraordinary history, resilience to change and relative isolation have intrigued and inspired travellers for generations, and we are pleased to be able to offer readers the opportunity early next year of visiting Cuba, which Columbus declared, on landing there in 1492, to be "the most beautiful land ever seen".

The *ILN* tour will give readers a chance to test Columbus's claim for themselves. Carefully planned for a small group to explore the variety and richness of Cuba's past and its intriguing present (its political head, Fidel Castro, set up a socialist state after the revolution in 1959 and remains in power today), the tour is arranged by travel agency Cox & Kings, which has been operating for more than 200 years, and will be

accompanied by one of its experienced tour guides.

Among the places to be visited will be:

★ Havana, the capital of Cuba and one of the great historic cities of the New World, full of elegant old churches, palatial mansions and mighty fortresses, but radically transformed since the revolution.

★ Santiago de Cuba, the island's second-largest and most typically Caribbean city, housing fine museums and officially designated "Hero City" because it was where the Castro revolution started.

★ Baracoa, site of Columbus's landing and one of Cuba's most isolated spots.

★ Trinidad, one of the country's oldest colonial towns, declared a cultural zone by Unesco.

★ Varadero, site of Cuba's most beautiful beaches, calling at the city of Cienfuegos and the botanical gardens *en route*, and providing an opportunity to relax for two days or take optional excursions.

Accommodation will be in four- and five-star hotels where available and in

good tourist class elsewhere; flights to and from Stansted Airport will be with Air Cubana.

The total cost, including fares, accommodation (based on twin-room occupancy), excursions, entrance fees, local guides, taxes, service charges and all meals (half-board only during the two days at Varadero), is £1,315 per person in twin-bedded rooms or £1,530 in single rooms. Because of current US travel restrictions to Cuba we regret that American citizens cannot be accommodated on this tour. Other nationalities will require visas, which can be organised by Cox & Kings and will cost about £15. Visa charges and travel insurance are not included in the quoted price.

The tour is limited to 25 people. To ensure a place please reserve now by filling in and returning the enclosed form together with a deposit of £150 per person. The balance will be payable by December 15, 1992. Confirmation of your booking will be sent at once, together with a complete itinerary.

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Signature

REVIEWS

THEATRE/SHERIDAN MORLEY HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

SOMEONE WHO'LL
WATCH OVER ME
Vaudeville Theatre

SIX DEGREES OF
SEPARATION
Comedy Theatre



Since the opening of *Death and the Maiden* Upstairs at the Royal Court 12 months ago, London has seen no finer play nor any better trio of performances than those currently on offer in Frank McGuinness's *Someone Who'll Watch Over Me*. The title echoes the song by the Gershwins, which is hauntingly sung here by Ella Fitzgerald as a scene-breaker. This is no empty gesture of sentimentality: the song is to be among the chosen records for *Desert Island Discs*, should one of these hostages ever return to the welcoming arms of Sue Lawley and Radio Four.

For we are in Beirut, at some unspecified time in the last five years—McGuinness's play was written before the most recent round of hostage releases, but production was delayed at the request of Brian Keenan until John McCarthy was safe. However, the greatness of *Someone Who'll Watch Over Me* is that it is not about any one prisoner, nor is it in any sense a documentary about the Middle East.

Instead, it is the old story about the Irishman, the Englishman and the American in a room, talking. All three are chained by the leg to a wall; we never meet their captors, nor are we even allowed to work out such mysteries as how they remain clean-shaven. McGuinness is concerned solely with character revelation and national identification under acute stress. In that sense the "best" of the three men is the black American doctor (James



DONALD COOPER/PHOTOSTAGE

Stephen Rea and Alec McCowen in Frank McGuinness's new play, *Someone Who'll Watch Over Me*.

Ireland and England at loggerheads in a Beirut gaol—a masterpiece of characterisation and historical observation.

McDaniel) who goes abruptly and terrifyingly missing at the interval. He is most openly able to express his rage at captivity.

The other two are a nightmare marriage that could only have been made in Britain: an England-hating Irish journalist and a lecturer in Middle English who, from the outset, qualify as the odd couple you would least like to leave in each other's sole company. But these two performances are the glory of the evening: Alec McCowen as the prissy, mother-loving tutor, forever reconstructing in his mind the Wimbledon triumphs of Virginia Wade, and Stephen Rea as the raging Dubliner whose anger threatens to make him implode at any moment. One of these men is released, the other is not. I am not going to tell you the outcome except that just before it, in a moment of breath-taking theatricality stage-managed by the

director Robin Lefevre, they get to comb each other's hair in a gesture of such love that the title finally becomes clear. McGuinness has written a play about Ireland and England at loggerheads in a Beirut gaol that is a masterpiece of characterisation and historical observation.

No new play in New York these last five years has captured the same attention as John Guare's *Six Degrees of Separation*, which is at London's Comedy Theatre with Stockard Channing still in the lead, but an otherwise all-new production by Phyllida Lloyd.

On one level this is the story of a famous real-life hoax, in which a black confidence-trickster managed to infiltrate several up-market Manhattan apartments by trading on the owners' desire to do the politically-correct thing, and on their improbable wish to take part in a movie of *Cats* supposedly to be directed

by Sydney Poitier, whom the intruder claims as his father.

But on another level Guare is suggesting that all Manhattan is a kind of hoax: the art-dealer owner of the apartment and his liberal wife (Channing) are themselves engaged in various games of deception, either for financial gain or, in her case, to assuage their own uneasily liberal consciences. In the game of *Six Degrees* (the length of the genetic chain by which all of humanity is apparently connected) the trick would seem to be to find the right partners, and the play is a curious high-speed convolution of social satire and political tract.

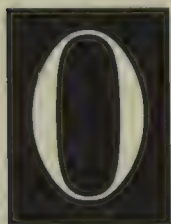
A largely British cast has, initially, a little trouble adjusting to the radical-chic confidence of Ms Channing's performance, but as *Six Degrees* edges across the map of uptown New York in the late 1980s, it takes on something more than contemporary relevance □

CINEMA/GEORGE PERRY

WESTERN PROMISE

UNFORGIVEN (15)

BITTER MOON (18)



nce a staple of American cinema, the western is in desuetude. Since Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* disaster 12 years ago the fear of box-office failure has led to few being attempted. Admittedly, *Dances with Wolves* was a huge success last year, but it was considered so on account of its reappraisal of the native American peoples, making it more social-issue, historical drama than western.

Nowadays the urban police thriller is regarded as the contemporary substitute. However, all those maverick cops at odds with their corrupt superiors and wreaking violent retribution on unwholesome criminals, although displaying vestiges of the simple eye-for-an-eye code of the Old West, are far from the fundamental constituents of the western film – the sense of landscape and the brave, pioneering spirits who struggled to survive within it as they colonised the vast country that stretched from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. The era of the Old West may have been relatively brief, but it has provided the American cinema with its Homeric heroes and romantic myths.

Clint Eastwood has ably spanned both genres, police thriller and western, excelling as loner cop "Dirty Harry" Callahan and as loner cowboy, the outlaw Josey Wales. It is seven years since his last western, *Pale Rider*, was released, but his new one, *Unforgiven*, is so good that the wait is almost bearable.

As well as producing and directing, Eastwood plays Bill Munny, one-time robber and gunfighter, now a widowed hog farmer, with a young son and daughter, barely making a living on a desolate Kansas prairie.

An opportunity occurs to earn some bounty money. In a bordello in Big Whiskey, Wyoming, two states away, a pair of cowboys have cut up a prostitute. The madam (Frances Fisher) and her

girls, disgusted by the local sheriff's leniency with the offenders, have pooled their life savings as bounty for whoever catches their colleague's attackers and extracts suitable punishment at the point of a gun. Munny goes along with a young gun-fighter (Jaimz Woolvett) on the search, having reluctantly agreed in order that his children should not starve. On the way to Big Whiskey he persuades his former partner, Ned Logan

(Morgan Freeman), to join them.

The sheriff, Little Bill Daggett (Gene Hackman), another ex-gunman, has no truck with bounty-hunters, roughing up and expelling the railroad's hired killer, English Bob (Richard Harris), before he has a chance to go after the rogue cowboys. When Daggett catches Logan and tortures him to death, Munny is obliged to carry out one last duty, after exacting frontier justice on the fugitives. The saloon

shoot-out near the end of the film is an expected climax, but the treatment is imaginative.

Eastwood is at pains not to romanticise his settings and situations. Life on the prairie and in the saddle is seen to be hard, lonely and unrewarding, with the threat of sudden death an ever-present possibility. On whatever side of the law, it is a miserable existence. Daggett's deputies are injured to their superior's sadistic, psychotic behaviour.

Commentators have noted parallels in Daggett's public beating of English Bob with the Rodney King case earlier this year, when Los Angeles policemen were videoed repeatedly clubbing a helpless man.

Ironically Bob leaves behind him a hack writer (Saul Rubinek) who aspires to glamorise the dismal reality of western life for readers of pulp fiction. It could be said that the Hollywood western is the measure of the success of those of his kind. Eastwood may even be exorcising the ghosts of his own early acting career when he played the exuberant young cattle drover week after week in the television series *Rawhide*.

What is to be made of the new Roman Polanski film, *Bitter Moon*? A tedious, very English, married couple (Hugh Grant and Kristin Scott-Thomas), are on a cruise ship *en route* to the Orient. They encounter Mimi, a voluptuous French girl (Emmanuelle Seigner), and her wheelchair-bound American husband (Peter Coyote), who insists on recounting to Grant in grotesque detail the history of his relationship with his wife, which is seen in flashback in Paris. Grant's stuffy embarrassment is turned to fierce arousal by Seigner, while Scott-Thomas tells him that anything he can do she can do better, and sets out to prove it. *Bitter Moon* is a bizarrely erotic black comedy, elements of which have the effect of seeming to be unintentionally funny, but the suspicion has to be that it is Polanski who is having the last laugh.

□ George Perry is Films Editor of *The Sunday Times*.



WARNER BROS

Veteran cowboy Clint Eastwood administers rough frontier justice.

It is seven years since Clint Eastwood's last western; his new one, *Unforgiven*, is so good the wait is almost bearable.

BEST OF AUTUMN

THEATRE

Two major Italian productions can be seen at the National. Giorgio Strehler's *Piccolo Teatro* brings Goldoni's comedy *Le Baruffe Chiosotte*, and Franco Zeffirelli directs Luigi Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Two refurbished West End venues reopen the Criterion has a new comedy, *Making It Better*, with Jane Asher, and the Donmar Warehouse has the British premiere of the musical *Assassins*, co-written by Stephen Sondheim.

Angels in America. Tony Kushner's "gay fantasia on national themes" is by turns amusing, distressing & disgusting. Until Nov 7. *Cottesloe*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802022).

Arrows & Admires. A comedy of Alexander Ostrovsky's comedy-drama about a young actress coping with the unwanted advances of a prince. Opens Oct 13. *The Pit*, Barbican, EC2 (0146208091).

Assassins. A challenging musical by Stephen Sondheim & John Weidman focusing on American history as seen through the eyes of eight assassins or would-be killers of American presidents. Sam Mendes directs. Opens Oct 29. *Donmar Warehouse*, Earlham St, WC2 (0146204082).

Le Baruffe Chiosotte (The Chiosotte Quarrels). The women of an Italian fishing village are thrown into confusion when their menfolk return after six months at sea. Giorgio Strehler's production of Carlo Goldoni's 1762 comedy is performed in Italian, with comprehensive plot synopsis available in English. Until Nov 2. *Lyttelton*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).

Colquhoun & MacBryde. John Byrne's new play is inspired by the real lives of two artists from their student days in 1930s Glasgow to

success in 1950s Soho. *Royal Court*, Sloane Sq, SW1 (017201745).
Death & the Maiden. A powerful Irish drama about guilt & revenge involves a confrontation between a woman & the doctor who tortured her 15 years earlier. With Penny Downie, Danny Webb & Hugh Ross. Dates of 1st & 2nd. *St Martin's Lane*, WC2 (017466322).

Dragon. A new English version of a popular Russian tale about Lancelot & a dragon. A family show for nine-year-olds & upwards with animal characters created by the *Spitting Image* team. Opens Nov 6. *Old Vic*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).

The Dybbuk. A new adaptation of Solomon Anski's story about a young Jewish woman (Joanne Pearce) in 19th-century Ukraine who is possessed by the spirit of the man who loved her. *The Pit*, Barbican, EC2 (0146208091).

An Evening with Gary Liner. Arries & Admirers, a comedy of Alexander Ostrovsky's comedy-drama about a young actress coping with the unwanted advances of a prince. Opens Oct 13. *The Pit*, Barbican, EC2 (0146208091).

Grand Hotel. Tommy Tune's Broadway musical, based on the episode of Vicki Baum about a diverse collection of guests in a Berlin hotel in 1928. A triumph of choreography & some strong performances compensating for over-sentimental songs & unmemorable songs. Until Nov 2. *Donmar Warehouse*, Earlham St, WC2 (0146204082).

Hamlet. Alan Rickman plays Shakespeare's prince, with Geraldine McEwan as Gertrude, Michael Byrne as Polonius & Julia Ford as Ophelia. Until Oct 10. *Riverside Studios*, Grafton Rd, W1 (0146204082).

Inspector Calls. J.B. Priestley's 1945 play about the family tensions caused by the arrival of the strange Inspector Goole. With Kenneth Cranham (in the title role). Richard Pasco & Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Until Oct 20. *Lyttelton*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).



The National's The Rise & Fall of Little Voice transfers to the Aldwych.

It Runs in the Family. A new farce by Ray Cooney about a neurologist's efforts to cure his illegitimate teenage son a secret. *Pleasure*, Northumberland Ave, WC2 (017466322).

Kiss of the Spider Woman: The Musical. Harold Prince directs this adaptation of Manuel Puig's novel about disparate culimates - a left-wing journalist & a gay man who is abused by 1940s Hollywood musicals - in a Latin American ga. With Chita Rivera, Brent Carver & Anthony Crivello. Opens Oct 20. *Shafesbury Theatre*, Shafesbury Ave, WC2 (017466322).

The Madness of George III. Alan Bennett's comic play about the king whose madness had a physical cause - porphyria - which his doctors aggravated with harsh & incompetent treatment. The play examines political implications as well as clinical details, & Nigel Hawthorne plays the king, long with great force & subtlety. Until Oct 24. *Lyttelton*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).

Medea. Diana Rigg plays the title role in Euripides' tragedy. Until Oct 24. *Aldwych Theatre*, Aldwych, WC2 (017466322).

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Visually inventive but hardly illuminating as Robert Lepage who plays Shakespeare's star-crossed lovers & fairy folk in the primordial gloom of a mud-drenched pond. Angela Laurie's androgynous Puck impresses with her acrobatic skills but struggles with the text. The production dazzles & bores in equal measure. *Old Vic*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).

No Man's Land. Harold Pinter appears in his own 1975 play with Paul Eddington. Opens Nov 2. *Aldwych Theatre*, Aldwych, WC2 (017466322).

Philadelphia, Here I Come! An early play by Brian Friel about a man's final night in his stifling Irish village before leaving for America. Well-crafted, gently humorous production with the effective device of two actors playing respectively the emigrant & his inner self. *Wyndham's*, Charing Cross Rd, (017466322).

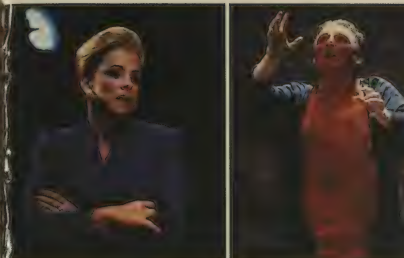
Pygmalion. This wholehearted production, with Alan Howard as Higgins & Frances Barber as Eliza, shows the musical has no killed off the play. All the Olivier's sophisticated stage equipment is deployed to keep it seems that she is going to have to elude that all night without words. In the end Shaw's cocky wit with Barker's most convincing Eliza, come out on top. *Old Vic*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).

Radio Times. A musical comedy set in an underground BBC radio studio during 1940 in London. With Tony Slattery. Opens Oct 15. *Quayside*, Quayside, W1 (0146204082).

The Rise & Fall of Little Voice. Jim Carter's offbeat play has Jane Horrocks as a young woman who lives life through old records while her mother (Alan Steadman) in a show-stopping performance hums for a man. Until Oct 7. *Gaiety*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).

Romeo & Juliet. Michael Maloney & Clare Holman seem rather mature lovers in David Leveaux's production & lack the passion evident in the more effectively played *Capulet* & *Montague*. *Barbican Theatre*, Barbican, EC2 (0146208091).

Shades. Simon Callow directs Paula Hawkins as a middle-aged widow in 1950s Scotland trying to reconcile her feelings for her son, boyfriend & dead husband. Collins brings a natural warmth to her part but Shalman Macdonald's play is dull. Patricia



Stockard Channing experiences Six Degrees of Separation, Gerard Murphy as Oedipus in The Theban, Harrison Ford protects his family in Patriot Games.

Hodge takes over the lead role from Oct 5. *Ally St Martin's Lane*, WC2 (017466322).

Sei Persongnaggi in Cerca d'Autore (Six Characters in Search of an Author). Pirandello's 1921 play about theatrical illusion & reality is directed by Franco Zeffirelli & is in the present. Performed in Italian. Nov 9-14. *Lyttelton*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).

Six Degrees of Separation. Fast-paced comedy by John Guare inspired by the case of a con artist who fooled rich Manhattanites by posing as Sidney Poitier's son. Stockard Channing is superb. Until Oct 31. *Comedy*, Rattle & Hum, W1 (0146204082). See review p61.

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me. Frank McGuinness's funny & moving play about three hostages who share a cell in Beirut. With Alec McCowen. Stephen Rea & James McDaniel. *Vaudeville*, Strand, WC2 (017466322). See review p61.

Square Rounds. A new verse drama, written & directed by poet Tony Harrison, about the moral & social responsibilities of scientists. Opens Oct 1. *Old Vic*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (014802222).

The Theban. Adrian Noble directs a new translation of Sophocles' trilogy. *Oedipus Tyrannus*, *Oedipus at Colonus* & *Antigone*, with Gerard Murphy as Oedipus & Joanne Pearce as Antigone. *Barbican Theatre*, Barbican, EC2 (0146208091).

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. David Thacker's entertaining Stratford production sees Shakespeare's early romantic comedy in 1930s high society for its story of one man's pursuit of his best friend's girl. An on-stage palm court orchestra punctuates the action with love songs by the likes of Porter & Germaine. Opens Oct 14. *Barbican Theatre*, Barbican, EC2 (0146208091).

Valentine's Day. A musical version, directed & choreographed by Gillian Lynne, of Bernard Shaw's comedy *You Never Can Tell*. With Edward Petherbridge. *Globe*, Shafesbury Ave, W1 (0146204082).

Which Witch. A self-proclaimed "opera-musical" from Norway which attempts to blend pop & opera. Opens Oct 22. *Pondicherry Theatre*, Denham St, W1 (017466322).

Blood Brothers. Phoenix (017466322); **Buddy, Victoria Palace** (017466322); **Carmen Jones**, Old Vic (017466322); **Cats**, *York* (017466322); **Dancing at Lughnasa**, Garrick (017466322); **Five Guys Named Moe**, Lyric (017466322); **Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat**, Palladium (017466322); **Me & My Girl**, Adelphi (017466322); **Les Miserables**, Palace (017466322); **Miss Saigon**, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (017466322); **The Mousetrap**, St Martin's (017466322); **The Phantom of the Opera**, Her Majesty's (017466322); **Return to the Forbidden Planet**, Cambridge (017466322); **Starlight Express**, Adelphi (017466322); **The Woman in Black**, Fortune (017466322).

OUT OF TOWN
RSC Season at Stratford: At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Anton Lesser & David Burt & *Twelfth Night*, with Samantha Bond as Rosalind. *The Winter's Tale*, directed by Adrian Noble. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, directed by David Thacker. *Antony & Cleopatra*, with Richard Johnson & Clare Higgins, opens Nov 5. At the Swan Theatre: *The Beggar's Opera*, with David Burt & *Twelfth Night*, with Samantha Bond as Rosalind. *The Winter's Tale*, directed by Adrian Noble. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, directed by David Thacker. *Antony & Cleopatra*, with Richard Johnson & Clare Higgins, opens Nov 5. At the Swan Theatre: *The Beggar's Opera*, with David Burt & *Twelfth Night*, with Samantha Bond as Rosalind. *The Winter's Tale*, directed by Adrian Noble. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, directed by David Thacker. *Antony & Cleopatra*, with Richard Johnson & Clare Higgins, opens Nov 5. 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Women baseball players in *A League of Their Own*. A table-top tune from *Beauty & the Beast*. Apartheid lessons with John Gielgud in *The Power of One*.

dynamic newcomer. Opens Oct 30.
Housessiter (PG). In Frank Oz's film Steve Martin plays a depressed Boston architect who meets waitress Goldie Hawn, a compulsive liar & spends a night with her. She then moves into a country house he has built, pretending to be his wife. The Martin-Hawn partnership fails to sparkle in this sassy sex-ball comedy.

Innoculate (PG-13). Melissa Leo lives in Karachi, married to James Wilby who works for the World Wildlife Organisation. Desperate for a baby, she goes to a shrine populated by eunuchs, who allegedly have secret means of ending infertility. Their method actually involves using a youth to impregnate her while she is in a drug-induced haze. Meanwhile Wilby is having an affair with Shahana Azmi, a wealthy, educated Pakistani woman.

Knight Moves (B). A series of murders occurs in a small Pacific Northwest town that is hosting an international chess tournament & suspicion falls on one of the players, who is known to have had an affair with the first victim. The police use a student psychologist to unravel the mystery. With Christopher Lambert, Bruce Lancier, Tim Kemerling.

The Last of the Mohicans. Daniel Day Lewis plays James Fenimore Cooper's celebrated hero during America's colonial period & the French-Indian war: Michael Mann directs in full-blooded adventure style. Opens Nov 6.

A League of Their Own (PG). Comedy-drama about the fortunes of an all-girl baseball team in the women's league set up in America during the Second World War. With Tom Hanks, Geena Davis & Madonna.

The News Boys (PG). Two young newspaper boys, Christian Bale & David Moscow, outsmart the two great American publishing tycoons, Joseph Pulitzer & William Randolph Hearst, after they try to kill their incomes unfairly. A traditional movie musical, a ratty novadrama, directed



by the choreographer Kenny Ortega. With songs by Alan Menken.
Night & Day (15). Chantal Akerman's latest film is a triangular drama about the young in Paris, with Thomas Langmann driving a taxi at night & spending his days with his lover, Guillaume Londez, through a hot summer. Then she meets François Negret, who drives the taxi in the daytime, & develops a relationship with him as well, which is to take all three over the threshold of maturity.

Night on Earth (15). A strange portmanteau comedy written, produced & directed by Jim Jarmusch, in five sections set in Los Angeles, New York, Paris, Rome & Helsinki at night, each concerned with brief encounters between cab-drivers & their passengers. The cast includes Winona Ryder & Gena Rowlands.

Othello (U). A welcome revival in a fresh, new print of the neglected Orson Welles film in which he plays the Moor, Suzanne Cloutier Desdemona & Michael MacLennan Iago. It took four years to make, with Welles dashing off to appear in Hollywood films to raise money, but in spite of problems it remains coherent & tense, & one of the most understated films of the 1950s. Opens Oct 27.

Prater (G). The second Tom Clancy novel to be filmed, Harrison Ford is drawn back into the CIA after failing an IRA kidnapping of a minor royal, but a renegade, Sean Bean, pursues him & his family to Maryland, intent on avenging the death of his younger brother. Philip Neufeld's direction delivers the standard action thrills, but Ford's performance is strong & impressive. Opens Sept 25.

The Power of One (12). An orphaned British schoolboy is brought up in South Africa in the 1930s & 40s, an outsider until a white doctor & a black prisoner teach him to obey his instincts. Based on Bryce Courtenay's novel, it is directed by John Avildsen & stars Morgan Freeman, Armin Mueller-Stahl, John Gielgud & Stephen Dorff.

Prague (12). Alan Cumming plays a man who journeys from England to Czechoslovakia in search of clues about his grandparents. He is drawn towards a young woman, Sandrine Bonnaire, who helps him to obtain a piece of precious newsreel footage. He finds his own emotional rapport with Prague overwhelming. Written & directed by Ian Sefton. Opens Oct 23.

Strictly Ballroom (PG). In Australia ballroom dancing would appear to be a fiercely contested spectator sport, played according to rigid rules & bitter rivalries. A young dancer strikes out on his own, selecting an unimpressive partner & coaching her into becoming a sensation. Baz Luhrmann's debut film is dazzlingly lush, playful, funny & refreshing. Opens Oct 16.

Unforgiven (15). Clint Eastwood, who also directs, plays a former outlaw turned farmer, obliged to take up his gun again to prevent his children from starting. Suzanne Cleeton reviews 87.

Waterland (15). Jeremy Irons plays Tom Crick, the central character of Graham Swift's novel, who muses to his history pupils in America on his adolescence in East Anglia & his relationship with a young girl who later became his wife (Siân Phillips, Cusack). Directed by Stephen Gaghan, it is atmospherically rich & ingeniously constructed.

Wuthering Heights (U). Ralph Fiennes as the brooding Heathcliff, Juliette Binoche as a somewhat Gothic Cathy in Peter Kosminsky's version of Emily Brontë's literary classic. Much of the story is attempted than in William Wyler's much-loved 1939 film with Olivier & Oberon, but the North Yorkshire locations have been carefully chosen to lighten the Gothic atmosphere. Opens Oct 16.

London Film Festival. An annual feast for the capital's filmgoers, with a wide international selection. Nov 5-22. Various venues. **London**. Public booking opens Oct 30 from National Film Theatre Box Office. South Bank, SE1 (01-928 3232).

DANCE

The Royal Ballet companies in London & Birmingham both open their seasons in October. Dance Umbrella brings a feast of contemporary work from Europe & the USA to many venues throughout the capital, while Sadler's Wells presents more modern dances from Japan.

Ballet Teatro Español. British debut of Rafael Aguilar's company with a programme that combines ballet & flamenco. *El Rampo*, inspired by Lorca's play *The Hour of the Star*. *El Rampo*, inspired by Lorca's play *The Hour of the Star*. *El Rampo*, inspired by Lorca's play *The Hour of the Star*. *El Rampo*, inspired by Lorca's play *The Hour of the Star*.

Dance Umbrella. Involves 22 companies, including Siobhan Davies, Second Step & Shobana Jeyasingh. Groups Emily Howell & Gompagone Bagueet, Santiago Semper & Llanima Imperial. From USA Merce Cunningham's company & the all-black Urban Bush Women. Oct 14-Nov 11. Various venues. Information: 081-741 4000.

Phoenix Dance Company. Return visit with new work by Bebe Miller. Family, choreographed by Shapiro & Smith. *Saved Dance*, set to music by Arvo Part. Nov 10-14. Sadler's Wells.

Royal Ballet. Season opens with Anthony Dowell's production of *Swan Lake*. Oct 22-26. Nov 6, 14, 17. Kennedy. *MacMillan's*. *Apprentice* returns with Stephen Jeffries dancing the role of Crown Prince Rudolf. Oct 29-31 (mke). Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (01-290 0066).

Birmingham Royal Ballet. Season opens with a triple bill of *The Firebird*, choreographed by David Bintley. Ashton's *Symphonic Variations* & Kurt Jooss's 1932 dance drama *The Green Table*. Oct 19-21. Bintley's *The Snow Queen*. Oct 22-26. MacMillan's *Romeo & Juliet*. Oct 28-31. Hippodrome, Birmingham (01-622 7406).



Wozzeck at English National Opera with Donald Maxwell (right) in the title role.

OPERA

Glyndebourne Touring Opera has a London season at Sadler's Wells Theatre. At the same time Trevor Nunn's superlative staging of Gershwin's *Porgy & Bess* comes from Glyndebourne to the Royal Opera House, with many of the original cast. At English National Opera Nicholas Hytner stages Verdi's *The Force of Destiny*.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA
London Coliseum. St Martin's Lane, WC2 (01-436 3161/01-240 2323).

The Force of Destiny. Nicholas Hytner directs a new production & Mark Elder conducts. Josephine Barstow sings Leonora, with Edmund Barham as Don Alvaro, Jonathan Summers as Don Carlos. Sept 25-29, Oct 7, 9, 12, 15, 22.

Rigoletto. Set in New York's Mafia-controlled Little Italy. John Rawnley sings the title role, Arthur Davies the Duke. Sept 26, 28, 30.

Don Giovanni. Powerfully atmospheric staging, in Philip Prowse's sombre sets, with Peter Coleman-Wright as Giovanni, Helen Field & Jane Eaglen sharing the role of Anna. Arwel How Morgan as Leporello. Oct 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 13, 16, 21, 23, 27, 30, Nov 3, 5.

The Magic Flute. Paul Nilon sings Tamino, with Gillian Webster as Pamina, Alan Opie as Papageno, John Connell as Sarastro, in Nicholas Hytner's vibrant studio production, conducted by Nicholas Kraemer. Oct 14, 17, 20, 23 (mke), 28, 31 (mke), Nov 4, 7, 11, 13.

Wozzeck. Outstanding staging by David Pountney of Berg's opera, with Donald Maxwell repeating his moving performance of the title role & Kristine Giesmaki as Marie. Oct 29, Nov 6, 12, 19, 21, 26.

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA
Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (01-273 8916).
Katya Kabanova, Nikolaus Lehnhoff's powerful production, with

Susan Bullock in the title role. Sept 23, Oct 1, 16, 21.

Le nozze di Figaro. Stephen Medcalf's staging is based on Peter Hall's 1989 production; Marco Guidarini conducts. Oct 6, 10, 14, 20, 23.

The Rake's Progress. David Hockney's striking designs, based on Hogarth, form the background to Stravinsky's disturbing work. Ivor Bolton conducts. Oct 17, 19, 22, 24. On tour: *Theatre Royal, Plymouth* (0752 267222); Oct 27-31. *Lycium, Sheffield* (0742 769922); Nov 3-7. *Mayflower, Southampton* (0703 229711); Nov 10-14.

ROYAL OPERA
Covent Garden, WC2 (01-240 1066).

Tosca. American soprano Elizabeth Helleague sings the title role, with Canadian tenor Richard Margison as Cavaradossi, Silvano Carroli as Scarpia. Zubin Mehta conducts. Sept 24-26, 29, Oct 5, 10.

Fidelio. Jeffrey Tate conducts this re-imagined film in Dresden's production, with Gabriela Beninková as Leonore, Thomas Sunnegardh as Florestan. Sept 28, Oct 1, 7, 10, 13, 17.

Porgy & Bess. Trevor Nunn's Glyndebourne production, conducted by Andrew Litton, with Willard White & Cynthia Haymon, from the original cast, featuring the title roles. Oct 9, 12, 15, 20, 24, Nov 3, 5, 7.

Otello. Plácido Domingo sings Otello, with Kiri Te Kanawa as Desdemona & Sergei Leiferkus as Iago, under Georg Solti. Oct 23, 30, Nov 2. WOMEN'S PLAYHOUSE TRUST.

Jersey Studios, Mill St, SE1. Box office: Oct 9, 12, 15, 20, 24 (01-497 9697).

Blood Wedding. New opera by Nicola LeFanu. Oct 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, Nov 2, 4, 6, 7. See feature p10.

OUT OF TOWN
OPERA NORTH

Opera Theatre, Leeds (01924 69351).

The Duenna, Rigoletto, The Marriage of Figaro, Orpheus in the Underworld. Until Oct 17.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA
New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 394844).
Elektra, The Barber of Seville, Tosca. Until Oct 10, Nov 10-14.

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In the Reading Room at the British Museum are ghosts for those with eyes to see them. Virginia Woolf whispering, 'Lytton, I've brought you one of Duncan's art deco cushions to sit on, and another bottle of Ink

for your Pelikan and a word from Leonard about the Springs of Helicon. When you've finished this Eminent Victorians affair, please come round to Gordon Square and stop Maynard publishing his Tract on Monetary Reform. We think he's cooking up a storm.'



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Bernard d'Ascoli at the QEH; Barantschik, Welsh & Vanderspar play Tippett with the LSO at the Barbican Hall.

MUSIC

Two young violinists play Tchaikovsky's concerto at the Barbican: 11-year-old Sarah Chang with the LSO & 13-year-old Vanessa-Mae with the RPO. Giulini conducts the Philharmonia at the Festival Hall. A wide selection of piano recitals, with Brendel, Pollini, Kovacevich, Fou Ts'ong all offering late Beethoven.

BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (071-638 8891).

London Symphony Orchestra begins its season by giving the UK première of Colin Matthews's *Hidden Variables*, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas; also Tchaikovsky's *Rococo Variations*, with Steven Isserlis, cello, & Prokofiev's *Suite from Romeo & Juliet*, Sept 24; Tilson Thomas conducts the world première of Dominic Muldowney's *Oboe Concerto*, with Roy Carter, & Mahler's *Symphony No 5*, Sept 30; 7.30pm.

Pinchas Zukerman, violin, **Marc Neikrug**, piano. Sonatas by Bach, Beethoven, Franck, & Neikrug's *Duo*. Sept 26, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Christopher Gayford conducts Handel, Tchaikovsky's *Violin Concerto* with Vanessa-Mae, Beethoven *Symphony No 6*. Sept 27, 7.30pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Colin Davis conducts Mozart's *Piano Concerto No 27*, with Alicia de Larrocha, & works by Schubert & Beethoven, Sept 29; Jeffrey Tate conducts Vaughan Williams, Matthews, Elgar, Gerhard, Britten, Oct 6; 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. André Previn returns as conductor laureate for three concerts. Mozart's *Symphony No 39*, Tippett's *Triple Concerto*, with Alexander Barantschik, violin, Edward Vanderspar, viola, Moray Welsh, cello, the closing scene from Strauss's *Capriccio*, with Kiri Te Kanawa, Oct 4; Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto*, with Julian

Rachlin, Shostakovich's *Symphony No 8*, Oct 8; Mozart's *Symphony No 39*, Dvořák's *Cello Concerto*, with Gary Hoffman, Oct 11; 7.30pm.

New Queen's Hall Orchestra. Barry Wordsworth conducts Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Holst. Oct 5, 7.30pm.

Budapest Symphony Orchestra. Andras Ligeti conducts Kodály's *Dances from Galanta*. Beethoven's *Triple Concerto*, Brahms's *Symphony No 4*. Oct 9, 7.30pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts Mozart's *Symphony No 39*, Szymanowski's *Violin Concerto*, with Thomas Zehetmair, Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra*. Oct 10, 7.15pm.

Mitsuko Uchida, piano. Beethoven, Schumann, Webern, Schubert. Oct 11, 4pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Colin Davis conducts Stravinsky's *Octet*, Beethoven's *Symphony No 8*, Tchaikovsky's *Violin Concerto*, with 11-year-old Sarah Chang making her European début. Oct 15, 7.30pm.

Rita Hunter, soprano, sings Wagner & Beethoven with the City of London Sinfonia, under Richard Hickox. Oct 16, 7.30pm.

London Choral Society, English Chamber Orchestra. Jane Glover conducts Bach's *Mass in B minor*. Oct 26, 7.30pm.

Hallé Orchestra. Rudolf Barshai conducts Beethoven's *Violin Concerto*, with Igor Oistrakh, Musorgsky/Ravel's *Pictures from an Exhibition*. Nov 4, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Kent Nagano conducts Brahms's *Double Concerto*, with Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin, & Ralph Kirshbaum, cello, Prokofiev's *Symphony No 5*. Nov 5, 7.30pm.

Joanna MacGregor, piano. Satie, Debussy, Django Bates, Rzewski, Ives. Nov 8, 4pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Yuri Temirkanov conducts Berlioz's

Overture *Le Corsaire*, Britten's *Les Illuminations*, Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No 6*. Sept 25, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra gives six concerts, conducted by Andrew Davis & Alexander Lazarev, entitled the *British Line* & including works by Britten, Vaughan Williams, Goehr, Prokofiev, Elgar, Delius, Walton, Shostakovich. Sept 27, 30, Oct 12, 18, 31, Nov 5, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia. Carlo Maria Giulini conducts Dvořák's *Symphony No 8*, Mussorgsky/Ravel's *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Oct 2, 4, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Peter Maxwell Davies, associate conductor/composer, conducts Sibelius's *Violin Concerto*, with Tasmin Little, & his own concert suite from Act II of the ballet *Caroline Mathilde & An Orkney Wedding*. Oct 5, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Jeremy Jackman conducts Saxton's *Paraphrase on Mozart's Idomeneo*, Mendelssohn's *Psalm Opus 78 No 2*, Klaus Tennstedt conducts Beethoven's *Symphony No 9 (Choral)*, Oct 7, 8, 7.30pm; Tennstedt conducts Beethoven's *Violin Concerto*, with Nigel Kennedy, Brahms's *Symphony No 1*, Oct 13, 14, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Adam Fischer conducts Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto*, with Luigi Alberto Bianchi, excerpts from Kodály's *Háry János*. Oct 15, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts two programmes. Barber's *Symphony No 1*, Mozart's *Clarinet Concerto*, with Dmitri Ashkenazy, Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, Oct 21; Bax's *Symphonic Poem Tintagel*, Prokofiev's *Violin Concerto No 2*, with Boris Belkin, Shostakovich's *Symphony No 10*, Oct 25; 7.30pm.

Alfred Brendel, piano. Beethoven's *Sonatas Op 31 Nos 1, 2, 3*, Op 101. Oct 29, 7.30pm.

Royal Choral Society, Orchestra of the Royal Opera House. Laszlo Heltay conducts Verdi's *Requiem*. Nov 1, 7.30pm.

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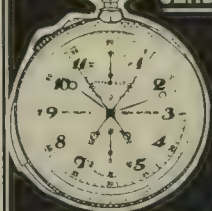
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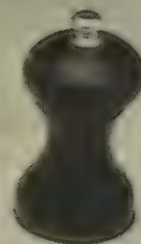
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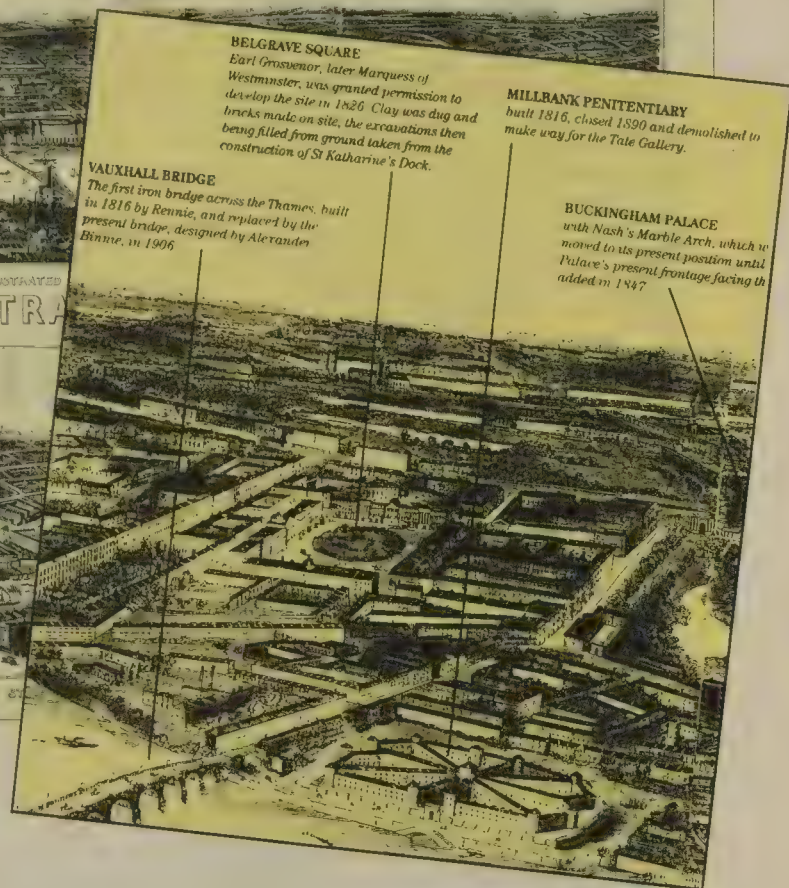


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The first iron bridge across the Thames, built in 1816 by Rennie, and replaced by the present bridge, designed by Alexander Binnie, in 1906.

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with Nash's Marble Arch, which was moved to its present position until Palace's present frontage facing the river was added in 1847.

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To commemorate its 150th Anniversary The Illustrated London News has reproduced a Panorama of London first published in 1845. A limited edition of 250 numbered prints have been reproduced, each printed on the finest quality paper and with some explanatory notes on some of the London changes by James Bishop, the current editor, who has also signed each print.

Taken from the archives of The Illustrated London News, this unique panorama measures 23 inches deep and 35 inches wide. Depicting the capital as it was soon after the launch of The Illustrated London News, the editor has identified many of the major changes to have taken place during the past 150 years. Changes that include:- The

repositioning of Marble Arch from outside Buckingham Palace to its present position in 1851; the Millbank Penitentiary demolished in 1890 to make way for the Tate Gallery; Nelson's Column without Admiralty Arch (which was not erected until 1911); John Rennie's London Bridge before it was removed and re-erected in Arizona. These are just a few of over 50 famous landmarks or changes that are highlighted on this magnificent print.

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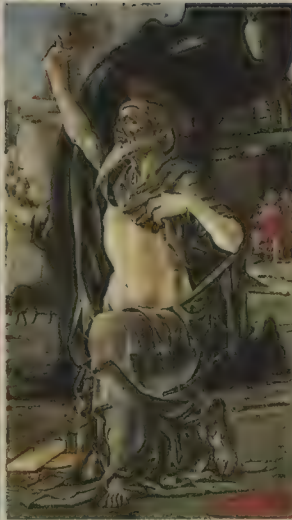
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Vanessa-Mae plays the Barbican at 13. Kokuma dance at Canterbury. The National Gallery looks at St Jerome.

Maurizio Pollini, piano. Beethoven's Sonatas Op 7 & 109, Schubert's Sonata D 960. Nov 4, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts Strauss's Fanfare for the opening of Vienna Music Week, & Songs, with Felicity Lott, Mahler's Symphony No 5. Nov 6, 7.30pm.

Stephen Kovacevich, piano. Schubert's Moments musicaux & 12 Ländler, Beethoven's Sonatas Op 53 (Waldstein) & 110. Nov 8, 3.45pm.

Ivo Pogorelich, piano, plays works by Mozart, Brahms, Scriabin, Ravel, Rachmaninov, in aid of historic sites of Dubrovnik. Nov 10, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

Zoltán Kocsis, piano. Bartók, Chopin, Liszt. Sept 27, 3pm.

España. Two concerts of Spanish music, ancient & modern, to mark the Columbus anniversary, with Dufay Collective, Matrix Ensemble, New London Consort, BBC Symphony Orchestra. Sept 29, Oct 2, 7.45pm.

Alexander Baillie, cello, **Martin Roscoe**, piano. Beethoven Sonatas & Variations. Oct 1, 7.45pm.

Fou Ts'ong, piano. Mozart, Beethoven, Debussy, Chopin. Oct 4, 7.45pm.

Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. Frans Brüggen conducts Bach, Oct 6; Charles Mackerras conducts Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Oct 19; 7.45pm.

Olli Mustonen, piano, **Joshua Bell**, violin, **Steven Isserlis**, cello. Schumann, Schubert. Oct 11, 3pm.

Bernard d'Ascoli, piano. Debussy, Schubert, Chopin. Oct 11, 7.45pm.

Alfredo Perl, piano. Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann. Oct 18, 3pm.

London Sinfonietta. First two of four concerts celebrating the orchestra's 25th anniversary. Elgar Howarth conducts Mason, Maxwell Davies, Osborne, Birtwistle, Oct 20; Oliver Knussen conducts Takemitsu, Holloway, Smirnov, Carter & his own music, Oct 31; 7.45pm.

Quatuor Ysaye. Mozart, Mendelssohn, Debussy. Nov 6, 7.45pm.

FESTIVALS

Canterbury celebrates the European Connection. Norfolk & Norwich marks discovery of the Americas 500 years ago. Wexford stages its usual trio of rarely-performed operas.

CANTERBURY FESTIVAL

The theme of European Connections brings ballet from France, early music from Germany, flamenco from Spain. The Kokuma company presents Caribbean dance & the Lille orchestra joins with Canterbury Choral Society in Britten's War Requiem. Oct 10-24. Box office: St Margaret's St, Canterbury CT1 2TG (0227 455600).

NORFOLK & NORWICH FESTIVAL

A celebration of the arts of Europe & the Americas, including a Bolivian pipe band, US early music group, percussionists from Denmark, an organist from France, pianist from Brazil & guitarist from Greece. Oct 8-18. Box office: Guildhall, Norwich NR2 1NF (0603 764764).

SWANSEA FESTIVAL

Orchestral concerts conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, Simon Rattle & Tadaaki Otaka; pianists Dmitri Alexeev & Peter Donohoe; violinists Igor Oistrakh & Dong-Suk Kang. English Shakespeare Company in *The Tempest*, London City Ballet in *Swan Lake*, Welsh National Opera in *The Barber of Seville*, *Tosca* & *Elektra*. Sept 19-Nov 15. Box office: Grand Theatre, Swansea SA1 3QJ (0792 475715).

WEXFORD FESTIVAL OPERA

Productions of three rare operas: Mascagni's *Il piccolo Marat*, Stora's *The Comedy of Errors* & Marschner's *Der Vampyr*. Also afternoon concerts & late-night entertainments. Oct 22-Nov 8. Box office: Theatre Royal, Wexford, Ireland (053 22144).

WINDSOR FESTIVAL

Concerts in St George's Chapel by the English Chamber Orchestra, London Mozart Players, Bach Choir. Sept 21-Oct 11. Box office: Theatre Royal, Windsor SL4 1PS (0753 851696).

EXHIBITIONS

A rich autumn season in London's galleries. The Tate puts on the style with *The Swagger Portrait*. The National Portrait Gallery retaliates with a definitive show of the work of Allan Ramsay. A last chance to see the National Gallery's Manet exhibition & the Alfred Sisley retrospective at the Royal Academy.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Barbican Centre, EC2 (071-638 4141).

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The Cutting Edge. Political comment today reflected through art & caricature, sculpture, cartoons & *Spitting Image* puppets. Until Oct 18. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Tues until 5.45pm, Sun noon-6.45pm. £4.50, concessions & everybody Mon-Fri from 5pm £2.50.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (071-636 1555).

In the Round. Contemporary art medals of the world. Until Oct 25.

Ukiyo-e Paintings. First part of a display of screens, scrolls & albums from the Edo period. Sept 25-Nov 29.

Britain's First View of China. The findings of Earl Macartney's expedition to the Peking Court between 1792 & 1794. Oct 2-Apr 4, 1993. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

GALLERY 25

Halkin Arcade, Motcomb St, SW1 (071-235 5178).

Susie Cooper—90 in 92. Birthday show of new designs in ceramics & textiles from this distinguished commercial pottery designer. Oct 29-Nov 28. Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-261 0127).

Bridget Riley: According to Sensation. Colourful abstract paintings from the 1980s by one of Britain's foremost artists. Until Dec 6.

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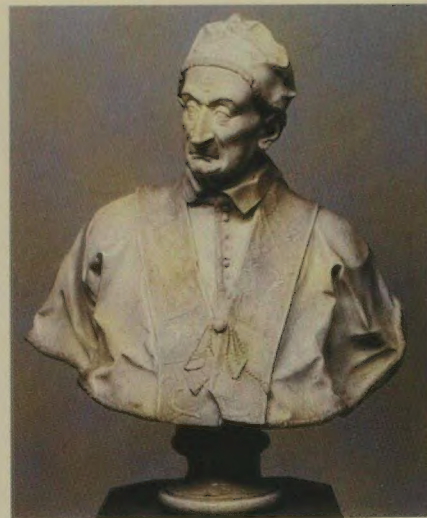
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A Passing Storm, left, painted by Tissot at Ramsgate and reproduced in *James Tissot*, by Russell Ash (Pavilion, £20). Right, marble bust of Pope Benedict XIII, Pier Francesco Orsini-Gravina, 1649-1730, by Pietro Bracci, one of 388 illustrations in *Renaissance and Later Sculpture*, the second volume of the catalogue of European sculpture in the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection (Philip Wilson, £110).



BOOK CHOICE

A selected list of current titles for autumn reading

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

Trollope

by Victoria Glendinning
Hutchinson, £20

How much Trollope can we take? A uniform edition of his 48 novels is being published by the Trollope Society (and will not be completed until the end of the century), and four biographies have been published within the last four years. This is the latest, and very good it is, though the author has had no new material to work on. But she has provided an insight into the emotional character within the bluff, extrovert outer shell, and thus we can forgive her for adding to the weight of current Trollopiana.

The Six Wives of Henry VIII

by Antonia Fraser
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £20

The author seeks to add to our scanty knowledge of Henry VIII's unhappy wives, and to rescue them from the female stereotypes (in the order of their appearance) of "Betrayed Wife, the Temptress, the Good Woman, the Ugly Sister, the Bad Girl and, finally, the Mother Figure". These are commendable objectives but unfortunately there are really no new facts to go on. Antonia Fraser has clearly researched widely and she marshals her material with skill, but all she has that's new is entertaining speculation.

Too Rich: The High Life and Tragic Death of King Farouk

by William Stadiem
Robson Books, £17.95

The young King Farouk succeeded to the throne of Egypt intent on delivering his country from the British. He spent the next 10 years squabbling with the British Ambassador, but when (on the Ambassador's departure in 1946) he had the chance to establish his authority he failed to take it and was subsequently overthrown and banished by Nasser. It was not quite the tragedy the author suggests, mainly because Farouk was such an unsympathetic character.

HARDBACK FICTION

Now You Know

by Michael Frayn
Viking, £14.99

Terry is a bit of a wide boy who gets away with it in spite of his age (he is over 60) because of his success in running a campaign for open government, which endears him to the media, for whom he is adept at staging events and producing appropriate soundbites. The plot centres on his battle with the Home Office and his affair with one of its bureaucrats, but in this clever novel the story seems less important than the interplay of the characters and the intriguing similarities between Whitehall and the organisation for open government.

A Place of Greater Safety

by Hilary Mantel
Viking, £15.99

This is a big book in every way—a historical and factually accurate narrative of that part of the French Revolution which took place in Paris, a cast of thousands (mostly real people), and a total of 872 pages. It unfolds at times like a television documentary, and presents a convincing picture of a period that was without doubt both exhilarating and terrifying. But the impact comes more from the events than from the people, and in a novel that may be accounted a weakness.

Sacred Country

by Rose Tremain
Sinclair-Stevenson, £14.99

Rose Tremain's new novel is a restless record of change, beginning in a Suffolk field in 1952 and concluding some three decades later in Tennessee. The most powerful change is that which gradually transforms the farmer's daughter Mary into the husky Martin, but sex-change is not the only transformation that takes place. The story has many strands and many levels, but the overall theme is unpromising and the novel is finally saved only by the author's light touch and some fine writing.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

The Big Three

by Robin Edmonds
Penguin, £7.99

Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin met together only twice—at Teheran in 1943 and at Yalta in 1945—but they contrived to work closely enough to bring about the defeat of Hitler. They were less successful in their attempt to set a pattern for peace, though they did help in the creation of the United Nations, which has outlasted the Cold War. The author, a soldier during the war and subsequently a diplomat, has written a powerful reassessment of the Big Three, discarding the cloud of rhetoric that once surrounded this period of history and armed with documents only recently made available in the Soviet Union.

Lydia and Maynard

edited by Polly Hill & Richard Keynes
Papermac, £10.99

A selection of the love letters of the economist John Maynard Keynes and the Russian ballerina Lydia Lopokova, written before their marriage in 1925. It was not a popular event among Keynes's Bloomsbury friends ("Maynard's marriage is a grim fact to face," wrote Duncan Grant), but these enchanting letters show the abiding strength of their relationship, which lasted till his death.

Thomas Cook: 150 Years of Popular Tourism

by Piers Brendon
Secker & Warburg, £11.99

Thomas Cook was a teetotaler whose first inspiration was to harness the power of the new railways to the cause of temperance. His original plans for non-alcoholic excursions were overtaken by the popular demand for cheap travel, but it was left to his son to establish the largest travel organisation in the world. Though an official history, this transcends the deference common to such books; and is a most entertaining read.

PAPERBACK FICTION

The Sins of the Father

by Allan Massie
Sceptre, £5.99

This intense and powerful novel centres on young lovers embroiled in the consequences of their parents' past. The girl's father was a survivor of Auschwitz, the boy's a former SS officer who is recognised, arrested and brought to trial in Israel. The subsequent conflict of loyalties and guilt is skilfully portrayed.

The Battle for Christabel

by Margaret Forster
Penguin, £5.99

A finely written and sympathetically perceptive novel about motherhood, posing (but not answering) awkward questions about women's rights to have a child and children's rights to have a father. Christabel is the daughter of Rowena, who wanted a child but not a husband, but when Rowena is killed in a climbing accident there develops a lengthy battle for custody in which the author is scrupulously fair to all parties.

The Gates of Ivory

by Margaret Drabble
Penguin, £4.99

The final volume of Margaret Drabble's trilogy (successor to *The Radiant Way* and *A Natural Curiosity*) follows the trail of a writer to the horrors of Vietnam and Cambodia and develops into one of the author's most powerful and entertaining stories, with vivid contrasts drawn and similarities noted between East and West.

Jump and other stories

by Nadine Gordimer
Penguin, £5.99

There is a wide range in this fine collection, but it is her deep understanding of the problems of her native South Africa that gives Nadine Gordimer's work its particular quality, and in many of these stories she observes black and white in South Africa with sharpness, detachment and restraint. The result is invariably powerful.



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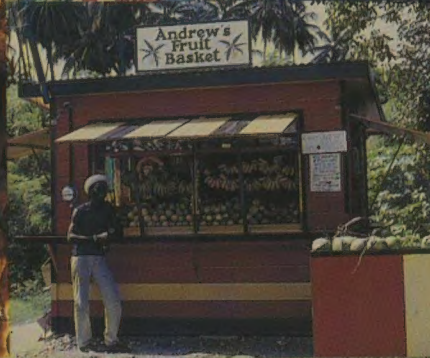
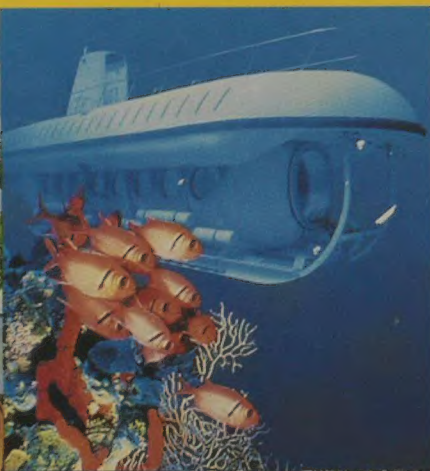
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